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Volume CLXXIII No. 2259 The SPHERE, London, May 8, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

GENERAL MONTGOMERY RECEIVING A GREAT RECEPTION FROM THE PEOPLE OF SOUSSE WHEN HE TOOK OVER THAT IMPORTANT TUNISIAN TOWN ON APRIL 16. He is here seen receiving bouquets from the daughters of the town's leading French citizens

On April 16, the Commander-in-Chief of the Eighth Army was received in Sousse by the civic and military authorities and was given a terrific welcome by the French and Arab population of the town. After listening to speeches of welcome, General Montgomery placed a wreath on the City's War Memorial. The highlight of his visit was his greeting to the girls who presented him with bouquets ; on being requested for a kiss, the General responded with enthusiasm, kissing the girls on both cheeks in the French manner. The crowd took this as a great compliment and showed their approval of his Gallic spirit with tremendous cheering. A few days later the General was in Cairo ! He had flown there in his own Flying Fortress, and made a public appearance in the Egyptian capital at Easter, whilst away to the west his Army was carrying out the plans laid by the General before his departure. After a short stay in the capital, General Montgomery then returned to his Battle Headquarters for further campaigning in Northern Tunisia

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 192

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Sharp Lesson.—It seems to me that the Allies have recently had a sharp lesson of the unwisdom of counting unhatched chickens. The tendency towards "resettling Europe," while Europe remains an unknown continent, is one which has wasted much valuable time and spilled many unnecessary words by some of the great as well as by some of the smaller Allied Powers. I have said again and again that there are legitimate subjects for post-war planning now—questions of food and health and such-like—and subjects utterly illegitimate, and to be outlawed. And in this last category any discussion of frontiers or national claims is the No. 1 Taboo. That is indeed a prime cause of irritation and dissension in the Allied ranks to-day. To encourage it is Ribbentrop's secret weapon. No one yet knows who will occupy what territory of Europe on Armistice Day, nor who will be the Dictator Power in Europe on Armistice Day, nor who on Armistice Day will be allied with whom, nor who will be thinking in terms of world justice. I believe to-day that we have a better understanding with Russia on conduct and co-operation *in the war against Fascism* than ever before. I think we have really begun the long, slow process of mutual comprehension of our very different natures and difficulties. And that is a mighty good augury of victory. But on any ground not covered by war and winning the war no angel of diplomacy or tact should dare to trespass, however large be his own contribution to the Allied victory. And if, in the nature of things, his contribution, however nationally total and tragic and selfless, be but a trickle in the mighty flood of the Allied effort, how much more does he owe the duty of restraint, silence, selflessness and tact, how much more should he acquire the broad outlook and outlaw the petty, national and backyard view? We have heard a lot in recent decades of the evils wrought by power politics and the evils brought on Europe by the Great Powers who have handled the pawns for their own games of diplomatic chess. There may be sober students of history who will advance the view that half the troubles of Europe in the last 100 years have been due to the inability of the lesser powers *parler européan*; to the pettiness and narrowness of their backyard politics. Justice for Europe is guaranteed, so far as it can be guaranteed. *That* justice must wait on justice for the Axis Powers.

Allies and Great Powers.—If this war is to be won, before civilisation totters to its fall, it is the Great Powers among the Allies who must contribute the lion's share of the necessary effort. The Great Powers have guaranteed justice alike to the enemy and to the Allies, and can rightly demand from the latter a measure of trust. No one underrates the signal contributions of the smaller Allies, from the glorious fighting service of the Norwegians and Dutch, by sea and in the air, the admirable co-operation by land of the French in North Africa, to the hidden sources of resistance at work in those enslaved countries least capable of armed intervention. And most people to-day have outlawed the old idea of power politics and the pawn-diplomacy of Great Powers. But a better world waits upon victory in this world war. And that being so, those who pay the piper must still call the tune. The tune must be in harmony, and simple. There must be no irrelevance and no signature staves. And all the performers must take time from the baton. The march to victory of the Allies can be no hotchpotch of national anthems. It must be all for one, and not each for himself. It may be the duty and function of emigré Governments in Britain to speak encouragement and patience to their own peoples under the yoke of Nazism. A day may come when they will be invited to give much more detailed instructions for another sort of resistance. But until the hour strikes, all but the vaguest talk is dangerous and premature, and nothing whatever can justify any expression of national aspirations in the resettlement of Europe and its boundaries, until victory is won, and some of the hunger and fever of war has abated and a great deal of the litter of five or more years of destruction cleared away. Any breach of this essential rule of war among the Allies is not only playing directly into the enemy's hand, but is a negation of the conventions which govern the relations of guests and their hosts. Heady and premature talk on national aims is not only bad policy and bad manners. It is clear treachery to the Allied cause.

THE YOUTH OF BRITAIN LOOKS TO THE FUTURE: A scene at the recent Hammersmith Conference

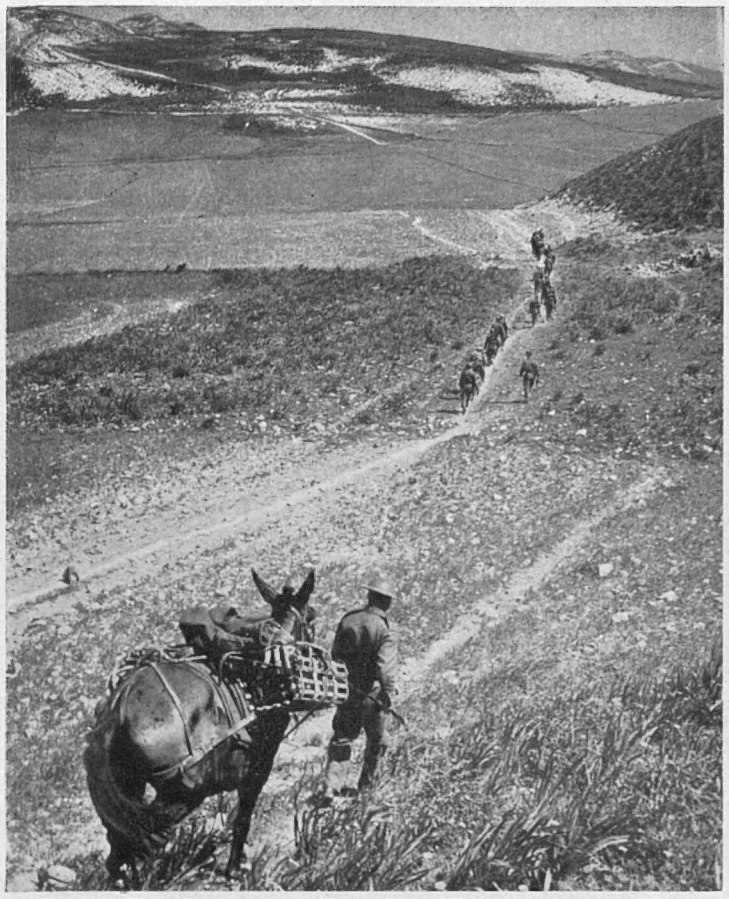
Five hundred boys and girls over the age of fifteen recently took part in the Conference, "Unless We Plan Now," organised by the Association for Education on Citizenship. It was held in St. Paul's Girls' School at Hammersmith, and the discussion was very lively. The picture given above was taken as Miss Veronica Ede, 17½ years old (representing the Youth Planning Movement), was putting the following question—"Isn't it true that the Germans and Italians did everything in their power to encourage women to have larger families and failed? In that case, do you think that we are likely to succeed, whatever advantages we promise to women who have several children?"

Premature or Synchronised?—The heads of Governments of conquered European nations, who have a temporary home in England, inevitably do a great deal of talking. Talking is their chief weapon. It is always a dangerous weapon, and especially in war. I like to think that their public utterances on political questions affecting the post-war period (such fearful questions as the redrawing of boundaries and what not) are first submitted to advisers of all the Allied Nations, and by them passed for publication. I like to think that their calls to their own nations (when these calls go beyond general terms and vague encouragements to patience and silent resistance) are part of a common policy approved by the Allied Great Powers without exception. I hope and trust that there is to be a policy and a synchronisation in all detailed, specific appeals to the enslaved countries of Europe to resist the oppressor and to sabotage his war effort. The enslaved countries have waited long, suffered much—often endured disappointments and hope deferred. There must be no more such tests of endurance, no more deferred expectations. When the moment is ripe, and not before, then is the time for detailed instructions and calls to specific actions. Until we are assured that the time *is* ripe, there or otherwhere, we may justly feel anxiety concerning such utterances, since at the moment we have no knowledge that they are part of an approved, synchronised and co-operative Allied effort. As for talk about frontiers or national rights and aims, it should be outlawed for a full year after the Armistice, blue-pencilled and blacked-out, and utterly barred and banned. That is territory which archangels fear to tread.

Dukedoms Pass.—As I sometimes remind you, the British public still enjoys the "romance of the peerage." If the new democracy and the ancient peerage are strange bedfellows and a hard nut for certain critics of our institutions, both in England and America, to crack, for the present these two, so old and so young, are covered by the same blanket. And the peerage and its doings are still front-page news in the Press of all colours. The "romance" of the senior rank of the peerage was always a thing apart. Dukes were never "three-a-penny." Until only "the other day" they were a race apart. None but royal dukedoms have been created since that of Westminster in 1874. I've nothing new to say about the Dukedoms of Connaught and Portland. The one has returned to store; the other has passed on. With the death of the Duke of Connaught, the dukedom of Connaught and Strathearn becomes extinct, as does the Earldom of Sussex. Neither will be revived except for a younger son of the Sovereign, although both had "sunk" to ordinary peerages with the succession of the now dead duke. He was heir to another dukedom—his mother's dukedom of Fife. Her sister, Lady Southesk, now falls heir presumptive to the Fife dukedom—to which females can succeed. By the death of the Duke of Portland—the very model of a great English nobleman of Victorian days who comprehended the meaning of *noblesse oblige* and practised it democratically, with dignity and kindness of heart—his son, Lord Titchfield, succeeds as seventh Duke, and his younger son, Lord Morven Bentinck, becomes heir-presumptive. If the Queen's mother, Lady Strathmore, had been born of the other sex, she, and not the late Duke, would have been sixth Duke of Portland. In the rise of the Bentincks, there is romance enough (without recourse to the Druce case) for a novel fan; and history enough for a virtuous student of English history.

The Evils of Austerity.—I am inclined to think that the evils of austerity ought to be weighed with its virtues and blessings. Simplicity of living is a great thing, narrowness of view and pettiness of preoccupation are bad things. I had a chance the other day to visit a cathedral city far beyond my war range. I embraced it, and the emotional experience I enjoyed can be compared with my first view of Florence in 1908 or thereabouts. (For all experience is comparative.) This city has somehow escaped the blitzes. It still retains—with its wealth of monuments of antiquity—the grace and dignity and peace with which its name is linked. Yes, and even ease. People queue up there for their meals, of course, and I dare say often go without many reasonable wants; and those who live there would no doubt say that their city had been unrecognisably altered for the worse by war. But to me, who for three years have seen nothing like it—for London is a war-scarred, war-transformed city, if ever I saw one—it was like entering Paradise or seeing Florence for the first time. The shaven lawns of its closes, the mellow red-brick Georgian houses, the grey stones and Tudor woodwork, the masses of colour seen in vistas through garden gates and arches, the great cathedral, within and without, standing, as it has stood for 800 years, for peace and sanity and brotherhood and love. . . . These things moved me strangely. Here I found continuity again, here I joined frayed and broken ends of life and memory and experience, and came to hope that *all* our yesterdays were not vanished past recall, but that some part of them, which held virtue and sweetness, would live beyond this dark era and flush with the dawn again. THE OLD STAGER

From the FIGHTING ZONE in NORTH AFRICA



IN THE CENTRAL TUNISIAN SECTOR WITH THE FIRST ARMY: A patrol, including an artillery officer and two signalmen. The mule bringing up the rear carries a wireless set. If they discover an enemy observation post, the artillery officer signals firing orders to the guns to prevent the enemy from escaping and to cover the patrol on its return journey

CONSOLIDATING POSITIONS AROUND CHAOUCH, NEAR MEDJEZ-EL-BAB. All the high land in this locality was attacked and occupied by British troops of the First Army on the morning of April 14. In this picture, taken near their new Headquarters on a high ridge of rock, Medjez lies in the background

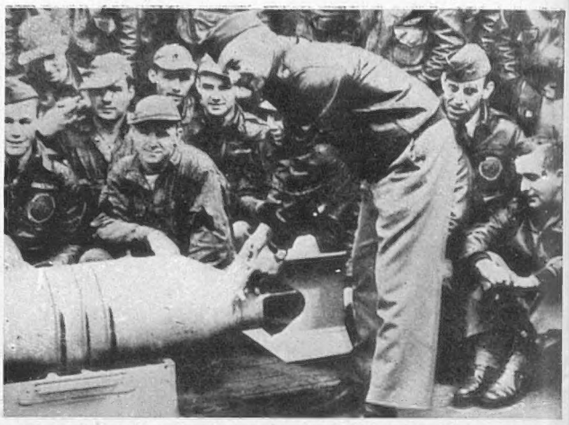
THIS IS THE TYPE OF DIFFICULT HILL COUNTRY IN WHICH THE FIRST ARMY ARE FIGHTING IN CENTRAL TUNISIA. While our newly-won positions in front of Medjez were being consolidated on April 12, patrols were probing the surrounding country to find the enemy's forward observation-posts in the maze of hills in this area. As a direct result of the work of air reconnaissance, a barrage was put down on a high ridge (in the centre of this picture). Meanwhile, British infantry and tanks were creeping up to a point half a mile to the west

THE STORY OF "SHANGRI-LA"

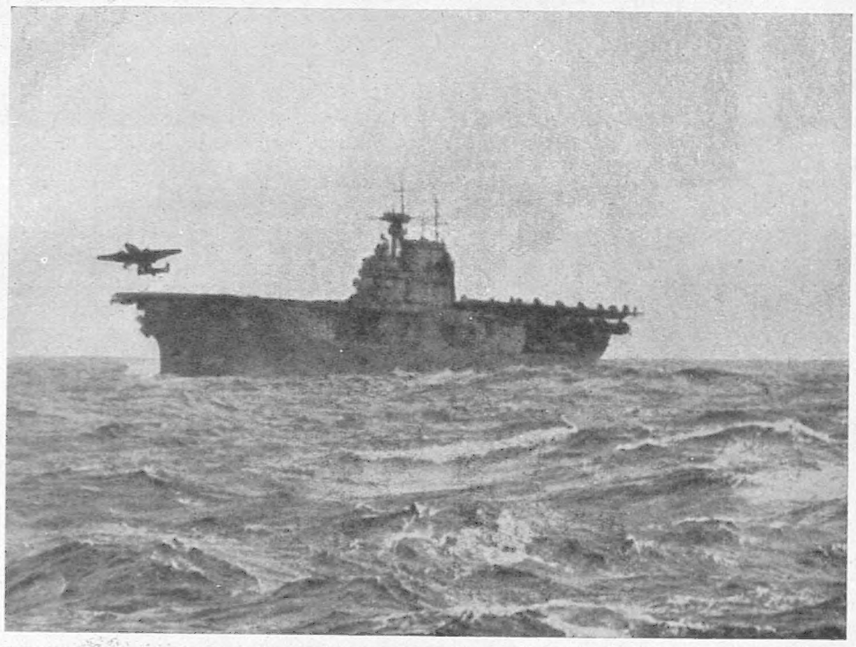
—Or the Bombing of Tokyo from an American Aircraft-Carrier on April 18, 1942

—A Full Series of Pictures which Have Only Just Been Released, Following on President Roosevelt's Recent Statement

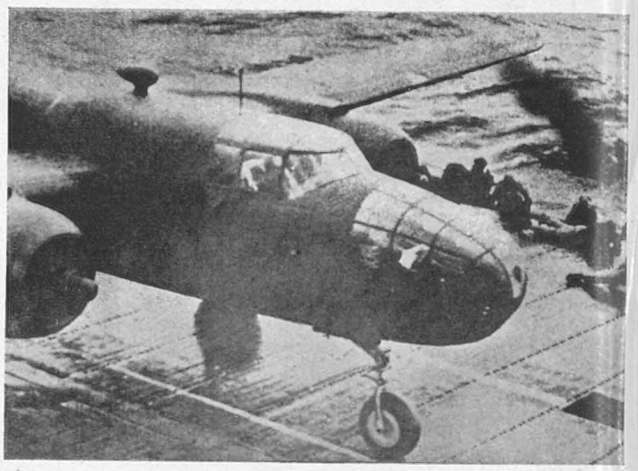
ON THE DECK OF THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "HORNET" (the "Shangri-La" mentioned by President Roosevelt): Major-General (then Lieut.-Colonel) James H. Doolittle (on left) chatting to the carrier's captain, Captain Marc A. Nitscher, before the take-off. Grouped around are some of the eighty airmen who accompanied Doolittle on his raid on Tokyo and other Japanese bases



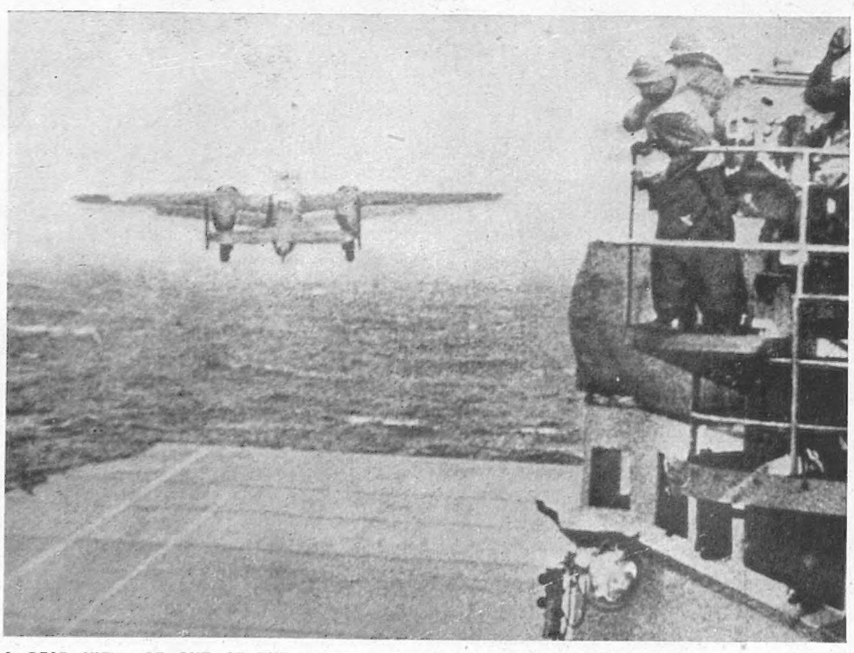
MAJOR-GENERAL DOOLITTLE wiring a Japanese medal to the fin of a 500-lb. bomb before loading the latter in an aircraft bound for Tokyo—a scene on the flight deck of the "Hornet" just before the take-off



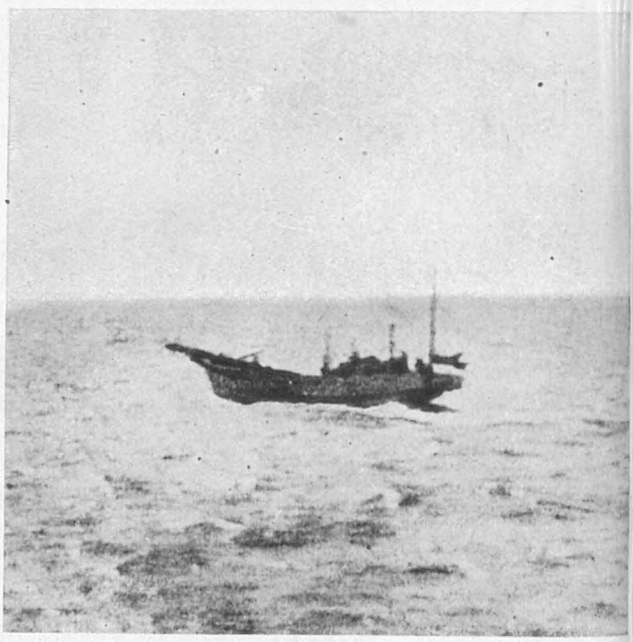
THE GENERAL TAKES OFF FIRST: The scene as General Doolittle's B.25 bomber took off in a howling gale for the flight to Tokyo, 800 miles away. After him came the other fifteen planes, all of which reached their objective, and all of which had to be abandoned owing to the great distance which had to be covered over hostile areas



GENERAL DOOLITTLE'S BOMBER AT THE MOMENT OF TAKE-OFF. The hour is 8.25 a.m. on April 18, 1942. The plane took off whilst the carrier's deck was heaving and tossing as the result of a rising gale 800 miles off Japan



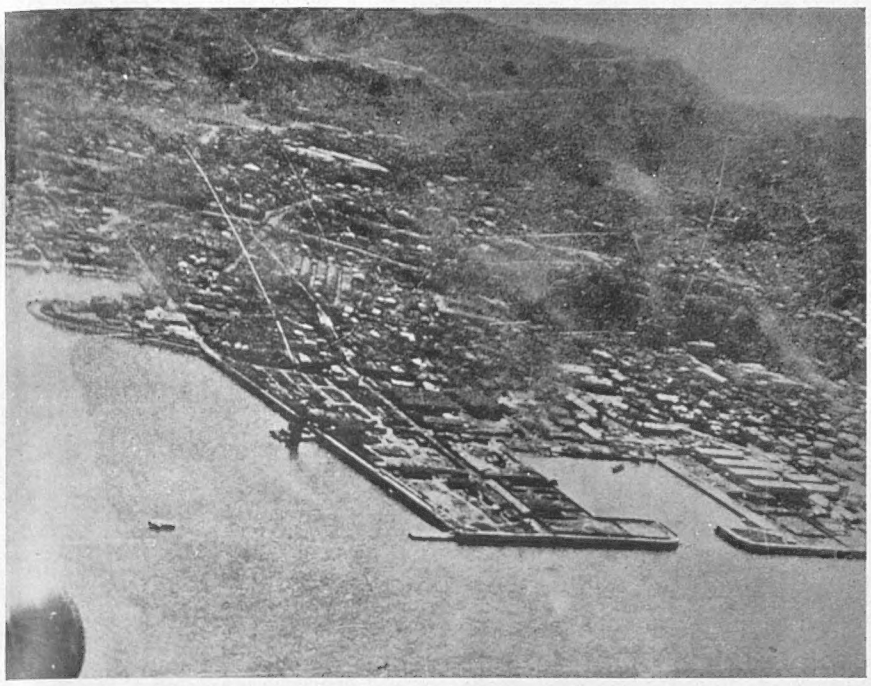
A REAR VIEW OF ONE OF THE SIXTEEN BOMBERS AS IT FOLLOWS IN GENERAL DOOLITTLE'S WAKE for the long flight across the Pacific to Tokyo. Members of the crew of the "Hornet" may be seen on the bridge on the right



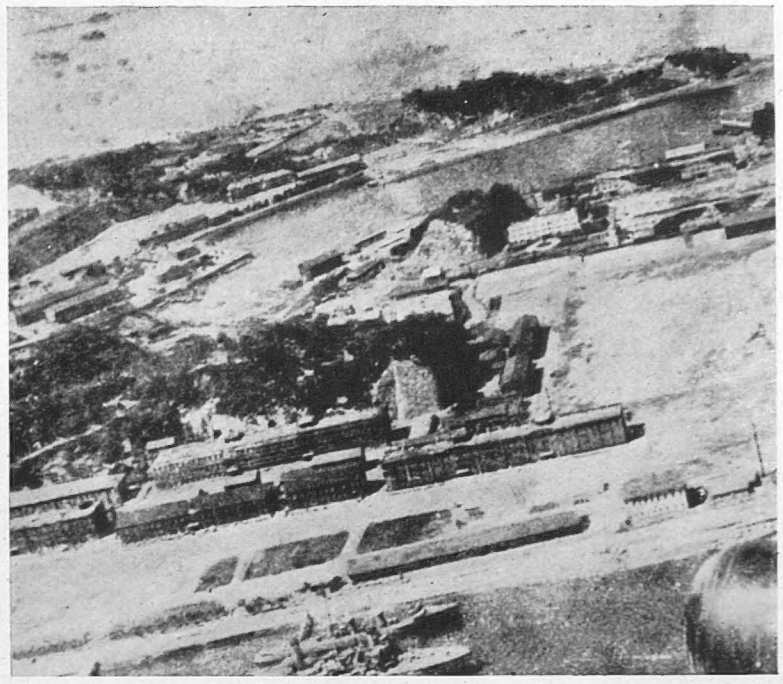
THIS IS HOW A JAP FISHING VESSEL APPEARED TO THE TOKYO RAIDERS shortly after they took off from the aircraft-carrier "Hornet" in their B.25s. The craft was promptly disposed of, so as to silence its radio, which may have warned of the Americans' approach

A year after the raid on Tokyo on April 18, 1942, President Roosevelt revealed the true facts of a feat which baffled and angered the Japanese for many months.

Eighty American airmen took part in the raid and sixteen B.25 bombers were used for the task. The "Shangri-La," which Mr. Roosevelt had previously mentioned, was the aircraft-carrier *Hornet* (since sunk in the Battle of Santa Cruz Islands on October 26).



A VIEW OF THE YOKOSUKA NAVAL BASE as it appeared to the American raiders on April 18, 1942. It will be remembered that after the raid was made the Japanese were for long nonplussed as to where the aircraft had come from. It was not till last month that President Roosevelt told them!



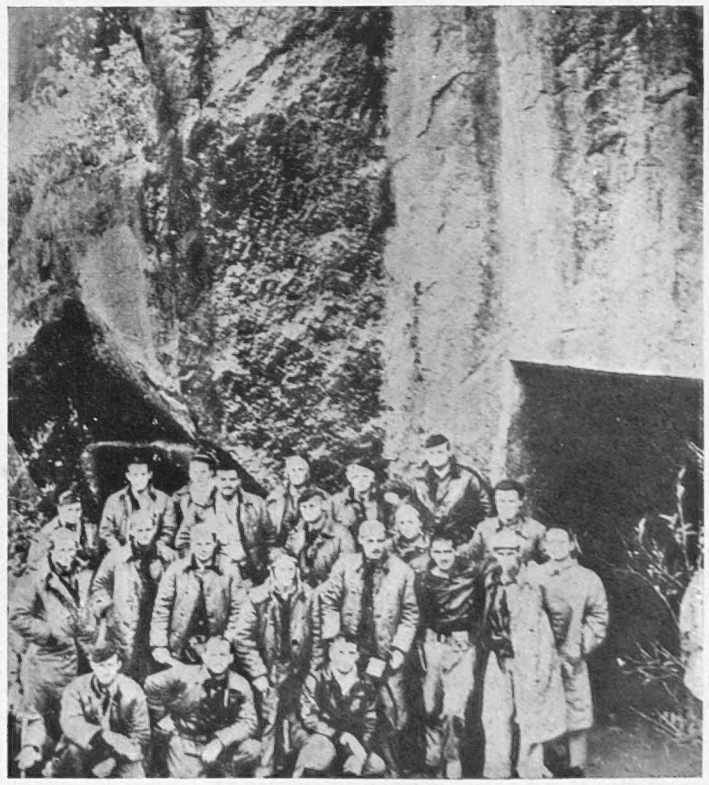
ANOTHER IMPRESSION OF THE NAVAL BASE AT YOKOSUKA, showing one of the targets attacked by the U.S. airmen. After their long flight of 800 miles over the sea, the bombers came in quite low to release their loads. Later, all the airmen had to bale out of their aircraft

LARGE PARASOLS FURNISHED BY CHINESE SOLDIERS keep the heavy rains off the American airmen after their forced landing in China: This picture was taken after they had been located and rescued by Chinese soldiers and were being escorted to their pre-arranged rendezvous with General Doolittle

CHINESE NATIVES PROUDLY CARRY THE U.S. AIRMEN DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS where they were forced to land. The Americans were fêted as heroes by the admiring Chinese. Out of the eighty airmen who took part, sixty-four reached Army camps in China, eight were taken prisoner and one was killed

CHINESE SOLDIERS ESCORTING U.S. AIRMEN INTO THE TINY VILLAGE near where their bomber came down. In centre, a Chinese is holding the injured arm of Colonel John Hilger

The attempt had to be made earlier than was intended, as the naval protecting force was spotted by the enemy. Instead of having a flight of 400 miles, the airmen therefore had to fly 800 miles to reach Tokyo. Consequently, after the raid, all the aircraft had to be abandoned. Of the total of eighty, five men were interned in Russia, eight became prisoners of the Japanese, two are missing, one was killed and sixty-four made their way to Chinese camps and then to American territory.



WITH CHINESE FRIENDS. The mountain-cave retreat where the airmen lived for ten days while assembling from their various landing-places after the epic bombing of Tokyo and other Japanese towns. Later, they were able to get through to Chungking and safety

THE PROCESSION OF SATELLITE POTENTATES

One by One They Have Been Called to the Führer, and One by One They Have Been Told Exactly What is Wanted From Them. By FERDINAND TUOHY

FOUR days in mid-April indubitably marked a milestone in the lifetime of Mussolini. At his own request, the Duce went to the Führer's headquarters. These are a mobile quantity: now Berchtesgaden, now Berlin, or in a Russian forest beside a train that begets super-hutments, or somewhere near Kieff, and maybe to-morrow Compiègne. Mussolini seems to have gone to Berchtesgaden; his object, to impress on Hitler the need to speak in conciliatory terms to inmates of the "Fortress Europe." And what did he collect, this domineering Italian used to swamping all those in sight with the imperiousness of his own verbosity?

The Nazi communiqué tells us. The exchanges were of such detail that they were spread over six hours a day for four days. In other words, Mussolini got twenty-four hours of concentrated Hitler, and if you remember how limp was Lord Simon after only seven hours—interrupted by sandwiches, at that—I think you will have to agree that this was one of Mussolini's milestones, because he also had to look at an immensely altered face. It must have been some party; one might almost say a coming-out party for the Führer after a hibernating period varyingly ascribed to death, insanity, cancer, self-deletion and Stellenbosch.

The result quickly became apparent in the form of a new Spring Model of the Herrenvolk, built round a general scheme of lamb's wool. Who had ever spoken of "Germany's right to rule," or of the Herrenvolk destined to serve at the tables of the Teutonic overlords? Did Göring ever say that whoever starved, Germans would not? Or Hitler proclaim it to be "a matter of course not to spare foreign lives at a time when there are such heavy sacrifices of our own life?" Perish such language! The political result of the twenty-four hours came in sweet German phrases promptly disseminated through the length and breadth of the "Fortress."

"The aim of the Axis Powers is to defend European civilisation and to preserve the rights of nations to free development and co-operation." "Justice and social equality." "European brotherhood." "European socialism." "We wish to secure the existence of Europe in an atmosphere of justice and co-operation." Each word showed the Herrenvolk down off its perch, desiring only to mete out leniency and fair treatment, almost careworn over the future of small nations.

"The important principle of the freedom of peoples and of their right to individual evolution," announced Berlin, "is a moral response to certain set-backs encountered during the winter, and to enemy propaganda which pretends to calculate mathematically the issue of the war." Contrary to what happened in the last war, Europe, in coalition round Germany, does not lack food resources or raw materials, or even human reserves. "Nevertheless, there exist on the Continent social classes which constitute a sort of English Party, because they fear the growing evolution that is pushing them aside." Just that, and nothing more, called for the moral response.

The truth, of course, being that the Germans were brought to realise that their famous "Fortress" was shot with potential treachery, on high, in the middle and everywhere. And that it was utterly necessary to unsay the past if there was to be any chance of the despised non-German races being coerced into further military co-operation. Once upon a time the disunity and dissension among satellites, their mutual fears and hatreds, had been all that was useful to a triumphant Reich practising "divide and rule," but now such animosities and emotions were capable of promoting the gravest weakness in the political and military defences of "Fortress Europe."

So with the Duce there began a procession of vassal potentates to a furrowed and tormented Führer, who, judged by his latest public utterances, has greatly increased his speed of delivery. Party after party over the cream-puffs and teetotal beer, with Keitel and Ribbentrop present by rule, and sometimes Himmler, when a guest had to be told about the inside of his own country, or Gauss, the legal recruit said to be hard at work out-languaging Churchill and Roosevelt for the purposes of Hitler's Charter substitute for the New Order which didn't quite click.

Was there anything in the order of precedence which put bald and beaky Boris next after Mussolini? Perhaps not, although there surely is something in the absentee list—European chiefs of State who did not participate in the queueing.

Boris went to Berlin to hear the mind of the "Protector of Europe." Whether he drove the train thither is not recorded. But the other thing Boris is known for—taking mean advantage of his subjects—he duly delivered. It was still out of the question to get them to fight their fellow-Slavs, the Russians, but he promised fifteen divisions to defend the Southern Balkan coast against the Anglo-American plutocrats, and in return the Führer decreed that Bulgaria should be the most favoured nation as regards supplies.

Then Antonescu was shown into the sanctum of Great Human Planning. He had been there a few weeks before, but Rumania is wanted so very badly for oil and infantry, to say nothing of suspicions of its Government being in the van as potential ratters. This was quaintly conveyed in a German reference to "American premiums for those willing to desert Europe's cause." In whatever direction Antonescu undertook to send his next cannon-fodder, a campaign of heaviest flattery of all things Rumanian was immediately launched by Goebbels, who cannot find enough to say of that country's "hard-working peasants" and "heroic soldiers." Moreover, "all questions which Rumanian patriots have at heart will be automatically solved satisfactorily on the conclusion of peace."

How this was satisfactorily arranged with Admiral Horthy, the next caller, is one of the many mysteries of these meetings. In point of fact, Hitler's getting Horthy along at all was something of a major personal victory, because the old Regent can't stand the Führer, doesn't trust him a millimetre and is horrified by the Nazis' anti-Catholicism. And there are also those recent fatal "accidents" to his son and son-in-law.

It seems to have been a long business, because Horthy got two full days of it—twelve hours. Report is that Hungarian troops are going into France and Germans into Hungary, because the Germans don't trust Hungarian troops to stand up to British and, particularly, to Americans in the event of a Balkan invasion. Another view is that Hungarians are taking over in Yugoslavia and Greece from Italians returning to defend their own country.

Horthy crossed his Rubicon when he allowed the panzers through Budapest in 1941 for the attack on Yugoslavia. Since then he has been in the vice. He hasn't been allowed to withdraw his men from Russia, and all he has received is the promise, doubtless repeated the other day, that all the lands symbolically united under the Crown of St. Stephen will be returned in their integrity to Hungary. The Magyar *idée fixe*.

Next in the procession was the proto-Quisling, who was shown particular honour by being lodged in Berlin's Bellevue Castle. Quisling had "several hours" of it, during which "the common Greater Teutonic aims against the Bolshevist-Plutocratic menace were examined," although the presence of Himmler showed very well what was really under discussion: the slow progress of Norway's mobilisation of labour and the activities of the Norwegian patriots. Hitler has no one else for Quisling, or the latter must have been fired long ago; and the same goes with respect to Holland's Mussert. There is nothing for it but to boost Quisling at the Bellevue.

The sixth satellite chief to receive the Führer's summons was Father Tiso, the Slovakian "People's Leader," in respect of whom President Benes has broadcast remarkable tidings. Agents of the Slovak President and of his Premier, Tuka, have tried from time to time to establish contact with official Czechoslovak representatives in one country after another, and make excuses for their treachery in 1938 at Munich.

"As soon as the first major military invasion units of the Allies stand on the Continent of Europe, everything will begin to move," went on Dr. ("Nostradamus") Benes in this particular broadcast. "The German satellites will declare themselves one after the other; peace proposals, proposals for negotiations or mediation, secret and public, will be repeated every week."

Hitler has thought it beneath him to have along the decrepit old lawyer of Prague, Hacha; but how he is missing others! He has received more than one refusal from King Leopold and King Christian, and is, indeed, unlikely ever to get an acceptance now. The closest he manages to work here is with the pro-Nazi Danish Premier, Scavenius, who goes to Berlin when summoned, and the existence of whom, as head of the Government, is the one serious blemish on the record of the Danes. Belgium sends nobody—a prisoner nation—except to England.

Another who has dug in his toes is old Mannerheim, whose noble quarterings rebel at being lugged about by an ex-corporal and house-painter. I believe Mannerheim is the only person Hitler has gone to see outside Germany during the war, although other leading Finns can easily be persuaded to report at Führer headquarters, and President Ryti may go yet. If you think of it, the Conqueror of Europe has seen precious little of his conquest unless he goes about with a beard. One night in the Hradshin; one military march-past in battered Warsaw; one visit to the Eiffel Tower and Napoleon's Tomb; the Brenner Pass; and the heck of a time in Russia.

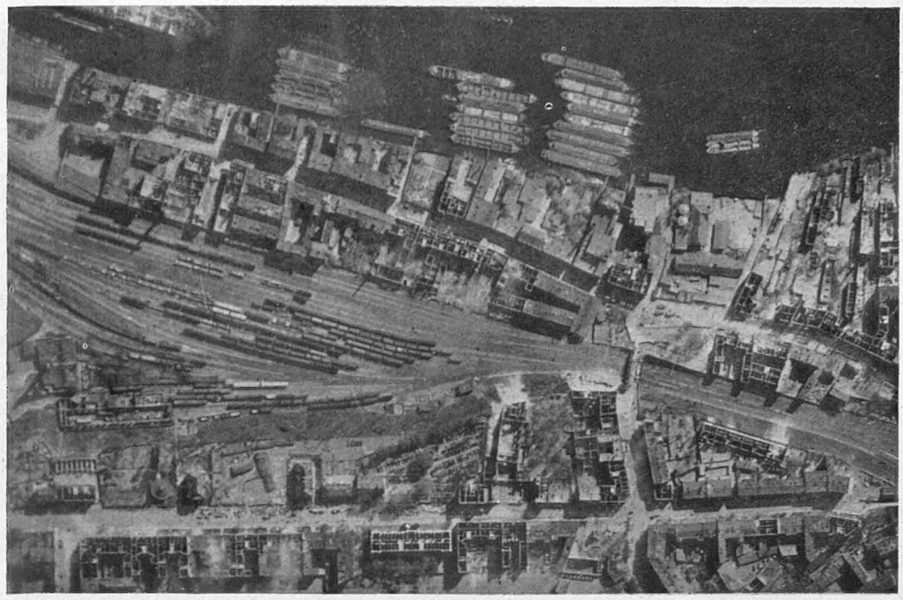
There's a new creature in Greece—Rallis—who has yet to prove himself worthy of an audience of the facially-changed, tormented one, and I mention a *Times* report to the effect that efforts are being made to add Mihailovitch to the procession of satellite potentates; also Laval in the room of Pétain, who can plead his 87 years, but probably wouldn't go anyway, on much the same grounds as Mannerheim.

P.S.—The procession continues. Pavelitch, the Croat "State Leader," is number seven potentate to be summoned before Hitler. What calibre men! What magnetism!

WHEN MUSSOLINI WAS "PUT ON THE CARPET" BY THE GERMAN DICTATOR: This picture was taken recently, when the deflated Duce was on the point of entering the presence for the interview which, it was stated, took place at a "secret rendezvous." Amongst the German and Italian satellites who accompanied Mussolini were Göring (on the Duce's left), Ribbentrop, Bastianini (Secretary of State at the Italian Foreign Office), and Chief of the Italian General Staff Ambrosio (in the second row); Von Mackensen (German Ambassador in Rome) and Dino Alfieri (in the third row). Between Göring and Mussolini is Dr. Schmidt (Hitler's interpreter)

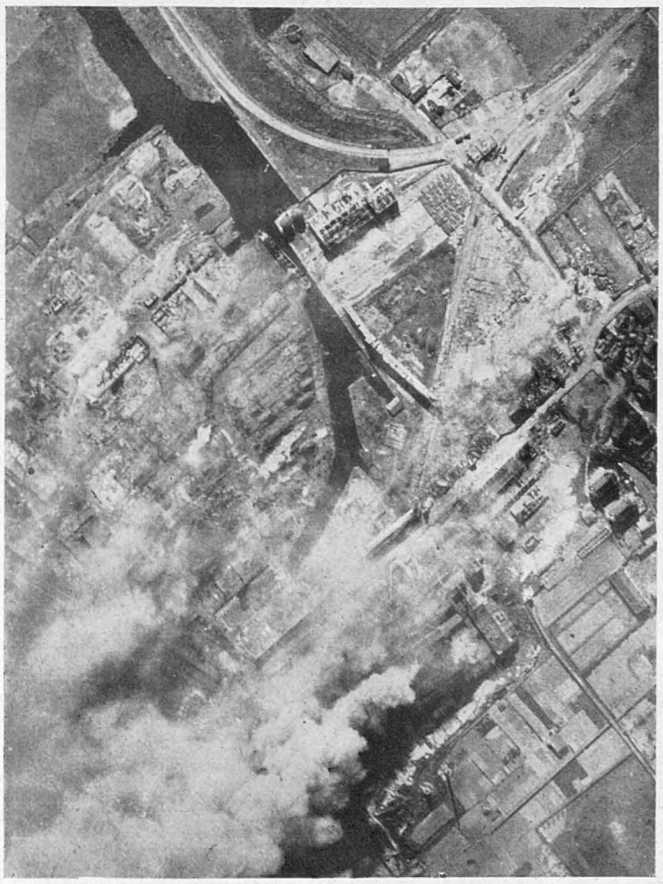
THE GREAT RAID ON STETTIN

On April 20, when 150 Two-Tonners Laid One Hundred Acres in the Town Waste—*Official Air Ministry Photographs*

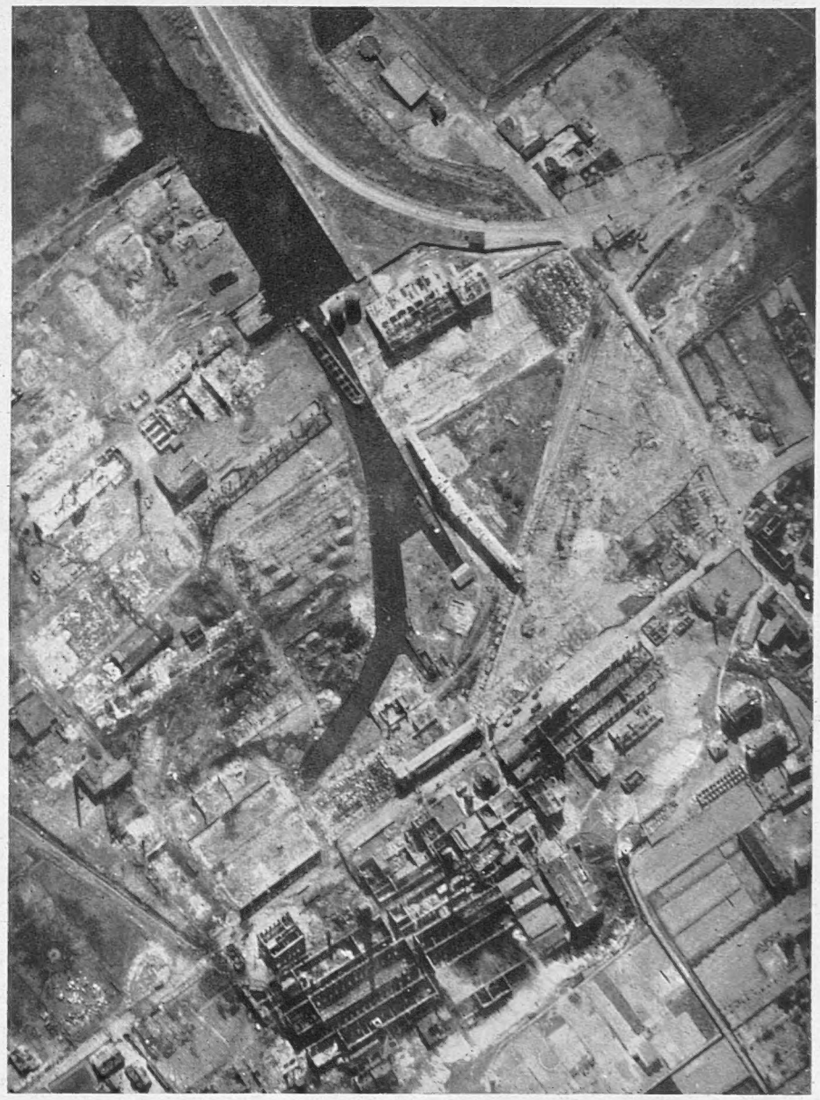


THIS HEAVILY DAMAGED AREA AT STETTIN INCLUDES THE HAUPT BAHNHOF SIDINGS, where about twenty-five goods wagons are destroyed and sidings sheds gutted. In the bottom left is the Griefenwerft G.M.B.H. engaged on the assembly of tank-landing craft, where several buildings are seriously damaged. Many warehouses and commercial buildings in this area are also wrecked

THE SIDINGS AT BAHNHOF POMMERENSDORF, where between forty and fifty wagons were destroyed. It is in this district that 100 acres of the town have been devastated



THE FIRST RECONNAISSANCE PHOTOGRAPH of the A. G. Der Chemischer Produkten Fabriken Pommerensdorf-Milch (Chemical Plant), taken the day after Bomber Command's attack. Extensive fires are still burning and heavy smoke clouds cover much of the works



THE SAME AREA AS IN THE PICTURE ON THE LEFT, but photographed on the following day with no smoke to impede observation. It is apparent that practically every building of the plant—which covers an area of approximately 64 acres—has been either gutted or demolished

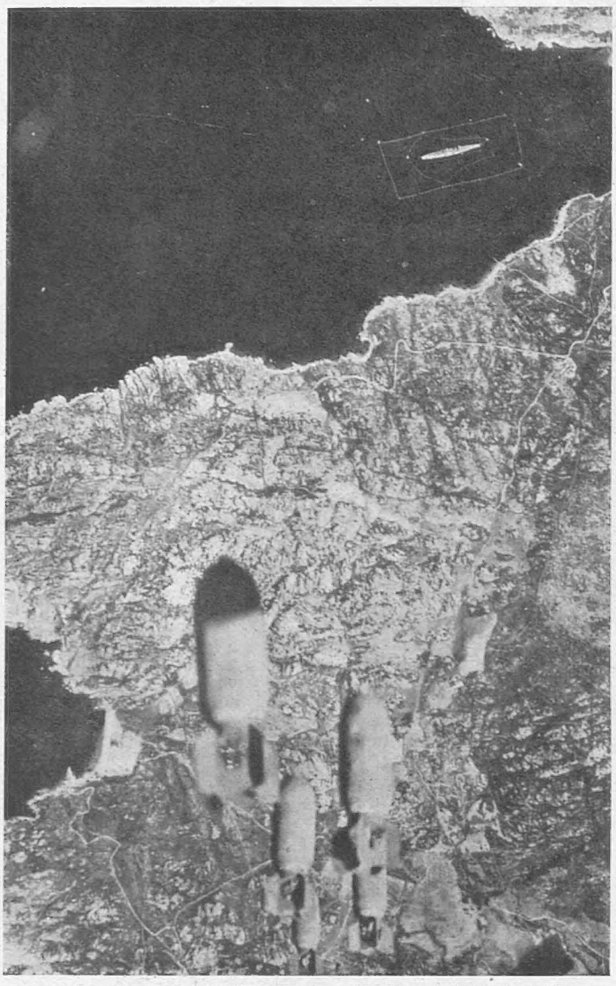
THE EDIBLE-OIL FACTORY, PAUL JULIUS STAHLBERG OEL FABRIK, covering about 20 acres. Practically all the buildings are destroyed or seriously damaged, and fires are still burning two days after the attack

On April 20, the Baltic port of Stettin was bombed by a force of Lancasters, Stirlings and Halifaxes: 150 two-ton bombs were dropped in about forty minutes, as well as tens of thousands of incendiaries and hundreds of other explosive bombs. Photographs taken by reconnaissance planes the day after the raid had to be retaken on the next day because the whole centre of the port was still covered with smoke. Even two days after the raid twenty-four fires were still burning. Expert examination of the photographs has revealed great damage in many parts of the town. Stettin is 650 miles away from England: it lies 50 miles beyond Berlin (to which it is linked by a ship canal). It is Germany's largest Baltic port and a supply and embarkation centre for the Russian front. In one district alone, an area of 100 acres (in which many important war industries are concentrated) was devastated. The five photographs on this page were the first to be released by the Air Ministry. The night of April 20 was a brilliant moonlight night, and pilots reported that the searchlights were quite ineffective because the moon was so bright. In these conditions, the crews had no difficulty in finding their targets. Over Stettin, the crews saw the docks, roads and buildings of the town standing out very clearly.

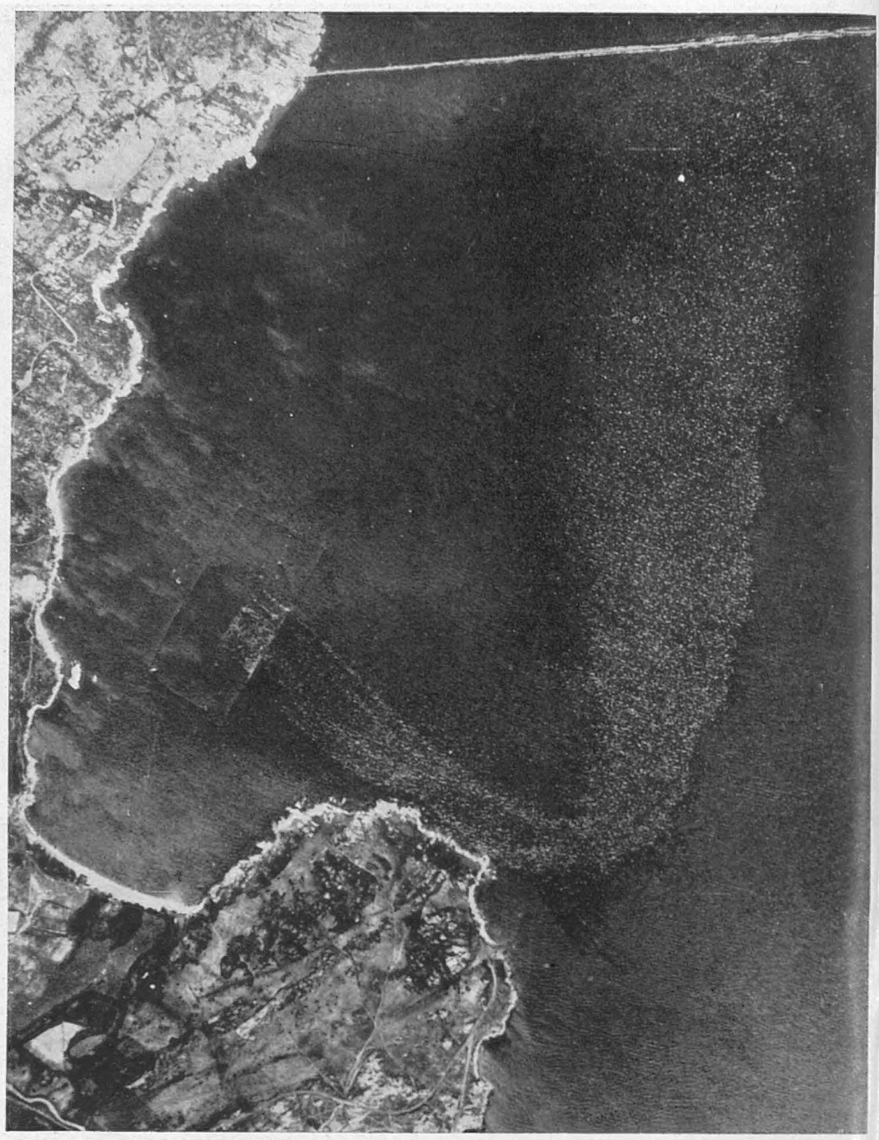
The AIR ONSLAUGHT ON ITALY

The Successful U.S. Attack on Two Heavy Cruisers on April 10; and the Heavy R.A.F. Raid on Spezia on April 18

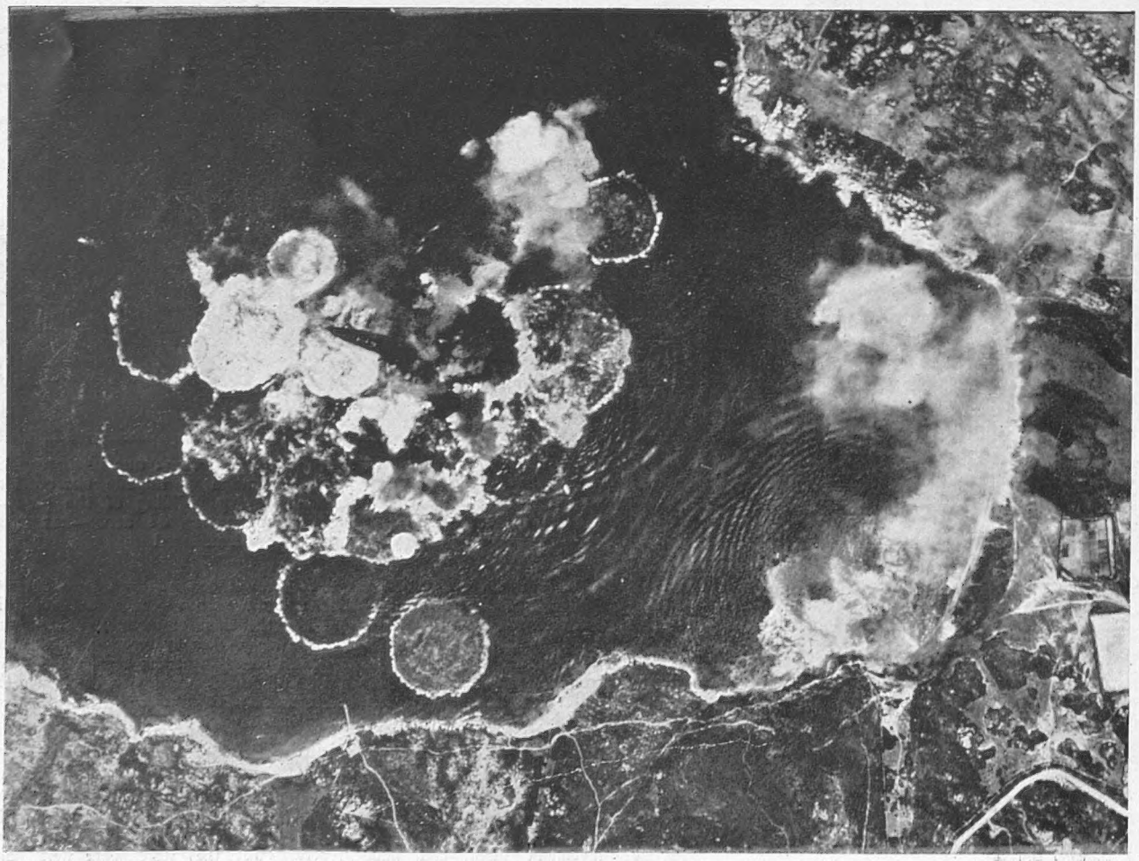
—Official reconnaissance photographs of the damage wrought during these two heavy air attacks



THE NAVAL BASE OF LA MADDALENA, ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF SARDINIA, APRIL 10, Here the cruiser "Trieste" is seen at anchor protected by anti-submarine booms. In the foreground of the picture, a cluster of bombs dropped from one of the swaves of Fortresses is falling towards the vessel



THE GRAVE OF THE ITALIAN CRUISER "TRIESTE," after she had been sunk by American bombs in harbour. A large amount of oil flows from the ship. The torpedo-nets surrounding the cruiser are still in place, but the vessel herself is now lying at the bottom of the sea. The "Gorizia," another heavy cruiser, although still afloat, is in a badly damaged condition, with several tugs alongside and a large amount of oil spreading over the water around her



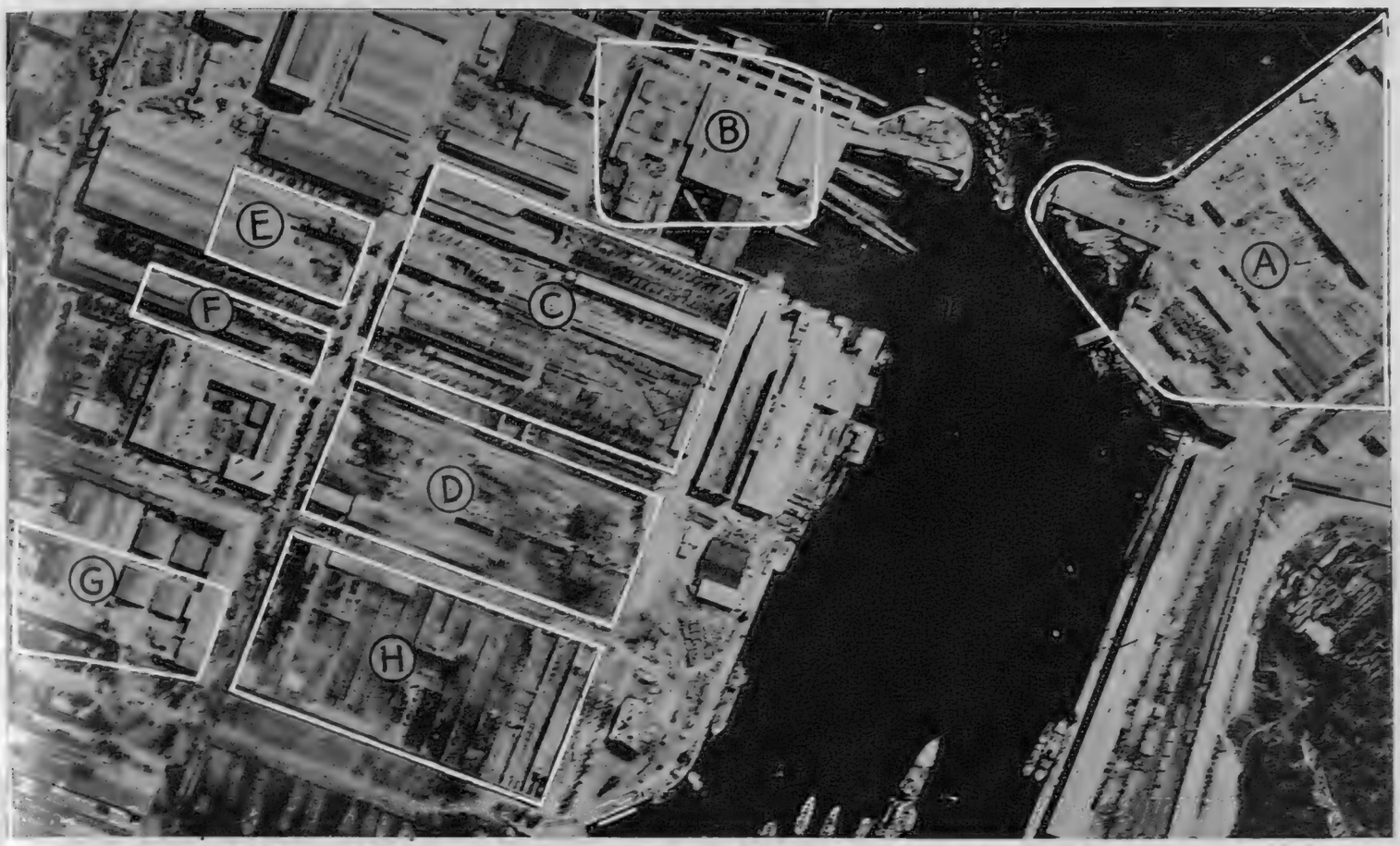
SURROUNDED BY OTHER BOMB-BURSTS, the bow of the heavy cruiser "Trieste" is seen high out of the water as she receives a direct hit on the stern. This vessel, and the "Gorizia," were attacked at La Maddalena by one of the largest formations of Flying Fortresses ever to be put in the air

The attack on La Maddalena: On April 10 a heavy attack was made by Flying Fortresses from North Africa on the Italian naval base at La Maddalena, on the northern coast of the island of Sardinia.. One of the largest formations of Flying Fortresses ever employed anywhere was engaged on this task: they flew unescorted, but all returned safely.

As a result, the heavy Italian cruiser *Trieste* is now known to have been sunk, as revealed by reconnaissance photographs taken shortly afterwards, and the *Gorizia*, though still afloat, is in a badly damaged condition: it is apparent that she will be out of action for a long time. As well as direct hits on both cruisers, damage was also done to the submarine base. The cruisers had steam up, and one tried unsuccessfully to get away.

The Fortress crews taking part in the great onslaught termed it a "field day," with no fighter opposition and very little anti-aircraft fire. They had a good view of what was happening as they turned to come back. "We laid our eggs smack on the Italian Navy's prize cruisers," said one of the U.S. officers; and the photographs reproduced here confirm his statement amply!

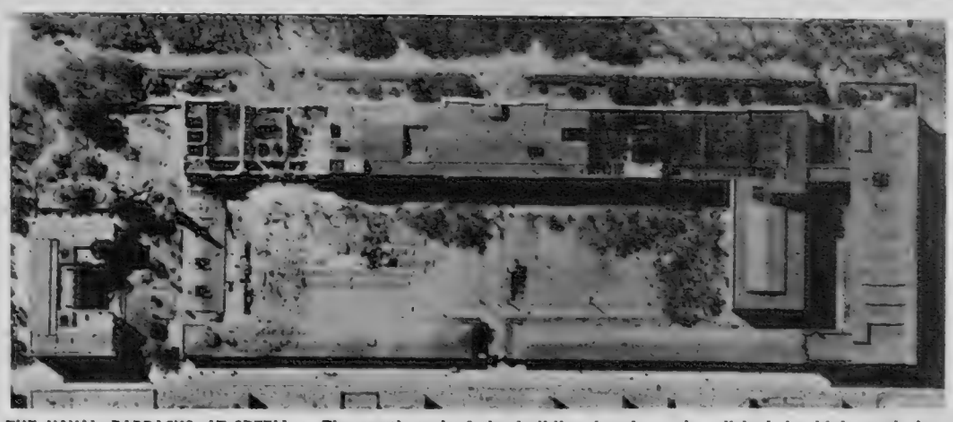
The sunk cruiser *Trieste* was one of two ships of the Trento class completed in 1930: she had eight guns of 8 in. and a number of other weapons. Her complement was 723. The *Gorizia* (also an 8-in.-gun cruiser), although not sunk, will take some time to repair. So that of the seven heavy cruisers with which Italy entered the war, not one now remains—as, with the *Trieste*, six have been sunk and the seventh is useless!



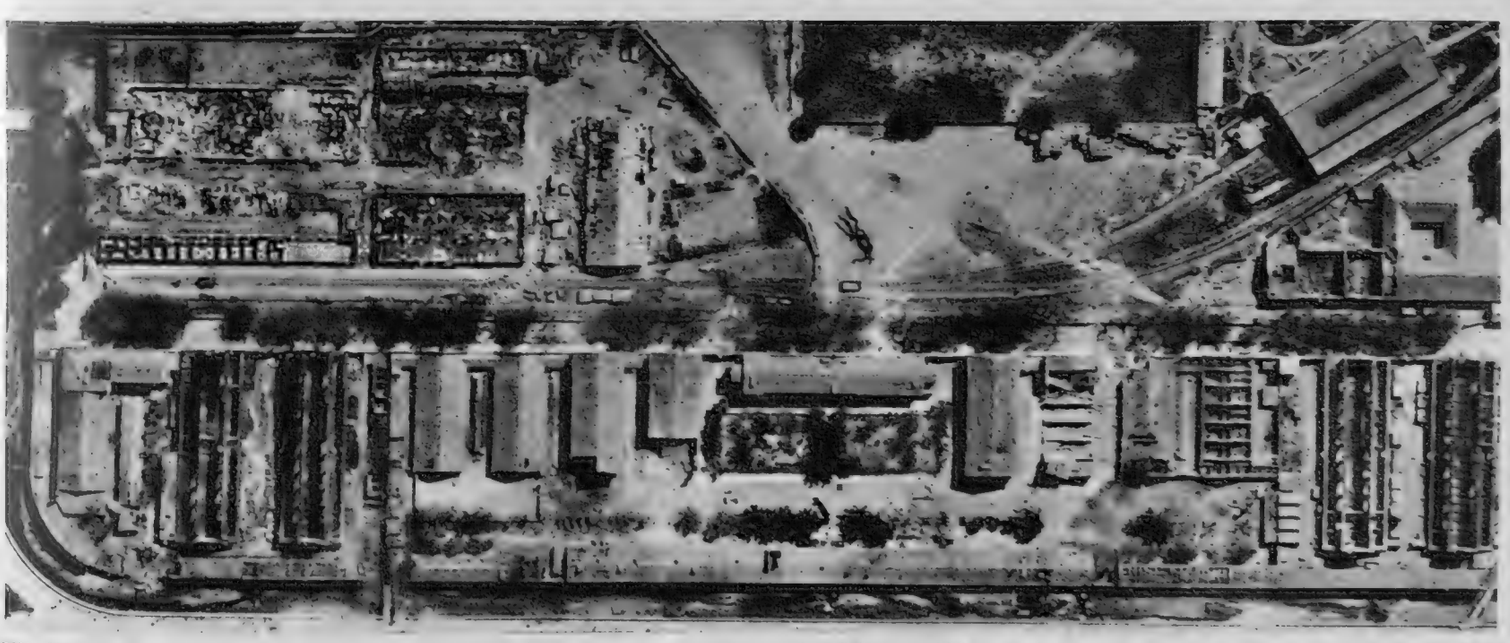
SECTION OF THE DOCK AREA AT SPEZIA, ON THE GULF OF GENOA, AFTER THE ATTACK BY THE R.A.F. ON APRIL 18. In this picture, A shows at least five buildings of the San Vito works which have been demolished, gutted or damaged by high explosive; B shows severe damage by high explosive among the torpedo workshops; C, a large stores, gutted and still burning; D, three-quarters of an extensive timber shed destroyed; E, shipbuilding shop severely damaged by high explosive; F, workshop, or store-house, half-demolished and gutted; G, fire still burning in the electricity workshops; and H, fitters' shop extensively damaged

The attack on Spezia: Spezia is one of the largest and safest natural harbours in the whole of the Mediterranean. It has been the chief naval harbour in Italy since 1361, and can accommodate many warships at a time. The large Inner Harbour has ample facilities for the repair and refitting of the largest warships, and there are also shipbuilding yards. Spezia is also a submarine base, with facilities for carrying out major repairs: its two oil depots can store 70,000 tons of oil. The San Vito arsenal, to the south-west of the dockyards, produces guns, mountings and shell-cases.

The naval base was attacked on the night of the 13th by Lancaster bombers; it was again attacked on the night of the 18th. The pictures reproduced here were taken after the second attack. It is now known that a destroyer was sunk in the Commercial Harbour on this occasion, in addition to other heavy damage, some of which is portrayed here

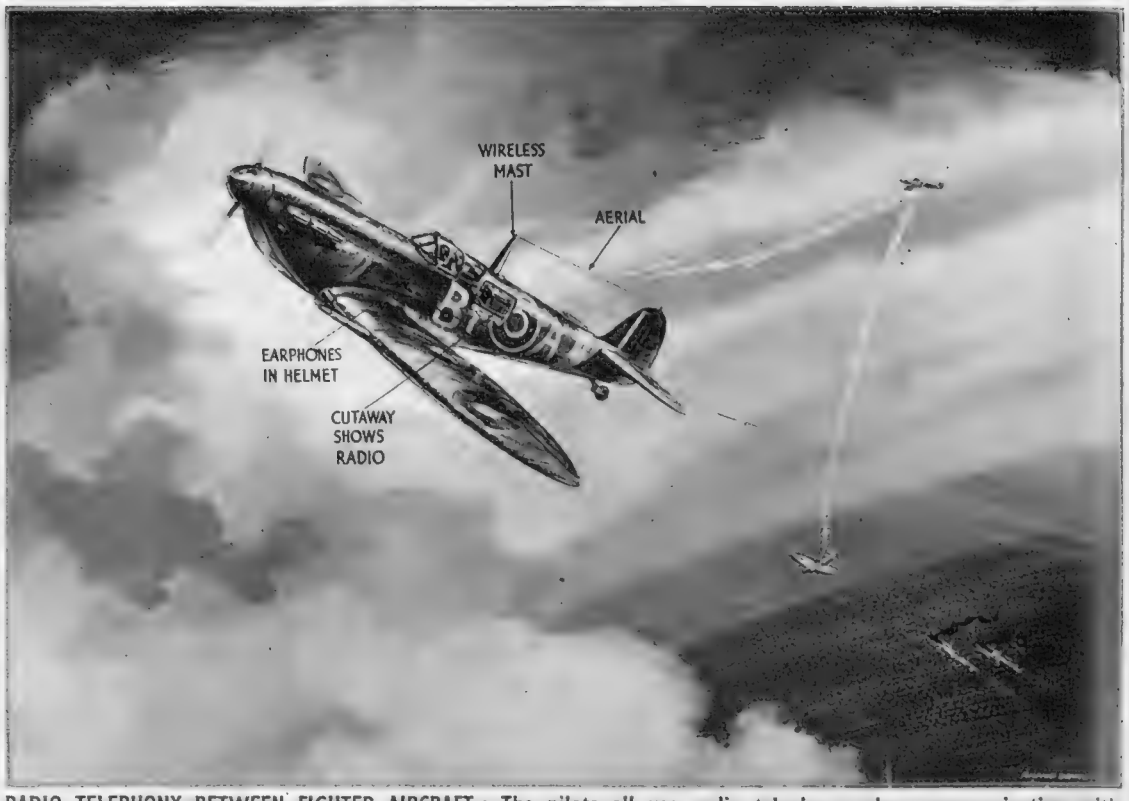


THE NAVAL BARRACKS AT SPEZIA: The south end of the building has been demolished by high explosive, and at the north end the top storeys have been severely damaged



THE ARTILLERY BARRACKS AT SPEZIA: Eleven barrack buildings have been gutted or demolished by high explosive, and at least five others are damaged. Both the artillery and the infantry barracks were badly damaged on the night of April 13, and then were hit again on the night of April 18. The trip to Spezia involves a round flight of 1,400 miles from Britain and covers the period from dusk to dawn. It is thought that the arsenal at this important naval base was hit on the night of the 18th

THE RADIO OPERATOR AT HIS POST IN A BIG BOMBER. Not only must he understand wireless work, but he must also be familiar with the Morse code, for all messages back to base are given by dot and dash—not by speech



RADIO TELEPHONY BETWEEN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT: The pilots all use radio telephony when communicating with one another, or when near their base. The aircraft are all fitted with a wireless mast from which the wireless aerial stretches to the tail member

The War by Air

The R.A.F.'s RADIO OPERATORS

A Description of the Duties of these Indispensable Members of Our Air Crews

With Drawings by Roland Davies

DESPITE all evidence of film and fiction to the contrary, wireless telegraphy (Morse transmission) is still more important in all air forces than wireless telephony (speech transmission). Most planes, other than single-seater machines, now have both. Ordinary fighters work within so small a radius of their base that a short-range speech set is quite adequate. The pilot's hands are too busy, in any case, to work a Morse key.

But for larger machines, virtually the only use of radio speech is for conversation between the pilots of the formating bombers—a sort of radio extension of the internal "intercom." 'phone which links the personnel of the bomber. All the serious long-range work is done on the W/T set, however. There are many good reasons for this: speed (a three-letter code signal may serve for a whole paragraph), clarity and less likelihood of misunderstanding, greater secrecy, and, above all, far greater range for a given weight of apparatus and consumption of electricity.

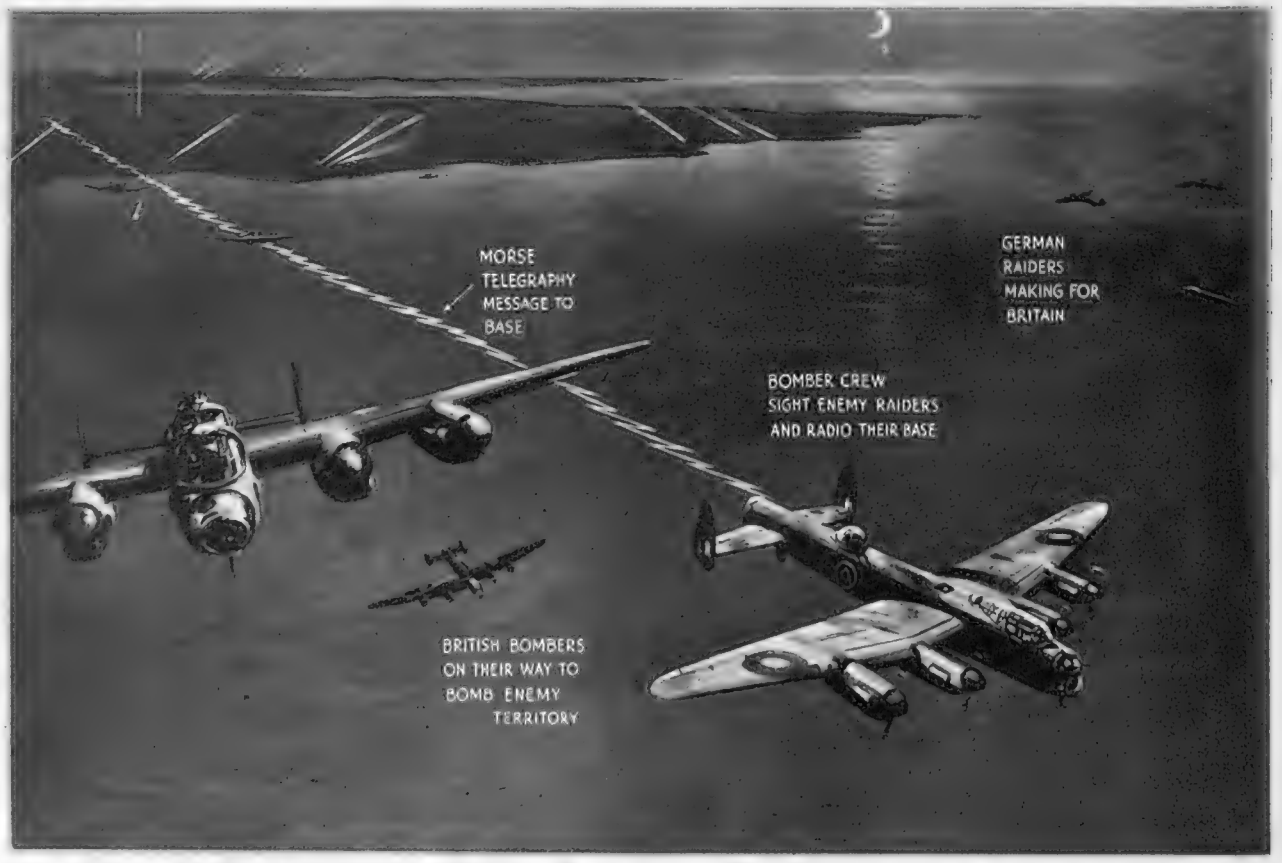
A big machine may have no fewer than five radio sets, including the pilot's speech set. The wireless operator is responsible for all of these while in flight, and he also maintains the "intercom." 'phone, and is, in fact, expected to act as general electrician to the plane while it is in the air. Electrical storms may upset all sorts of gadgets, fuses blow, tired and chill-fingered crews are inclined to be heavy on telephone and heater leads—all are jobs for the wireless operator. Before the take-off the operator is briefed with a list of frequencies (wave-lengths), and the times at which he is to listen on those frequencies. On really long raids it may not be possible for two-way communication to be kept up all the way, but contact with base is kept up most of the way. On the outward trip the messages received may concern a change of route, owing to last-minute meteorological reports, or even a recall if extremely bad weather, such as heavy ice-forming cloud in the target area, has been reported. The bomber operator's own reports may just be uneventful progress checks, or he may have some interesting news to pass back. Before to-day our own bombers have sighted formations of enemy bombers on their way over, and radioed the news home to ensure a suitable reception being ready. Or they may see a supply convoy sneaking along the Dutch coast or down Channel under cover of dark. They may not attack it themselves, for that is not the job they have been sent out to do. But they can, and do, pass the news back to Coastal Command for their machines to profit by.

Both out and home, use will be made of the radio direction-finder—a rotating frame aerial in an egg-shaped case. This works on a known beacon at a fixed point. A wily enemy may try to confuse the bomber by sending out similar signals to our own beacons, and it is up to the bomber's operator to spot the deception. On the way home, the operator will be kept equally occupied. If damage has been sustained and a crash in the sea is inevitable, much may depend on the clarity and accuracy of the last few distress signals. Even when they are actually afloat in the dinghies, the operator will still be busy, for these also have a wireless set.

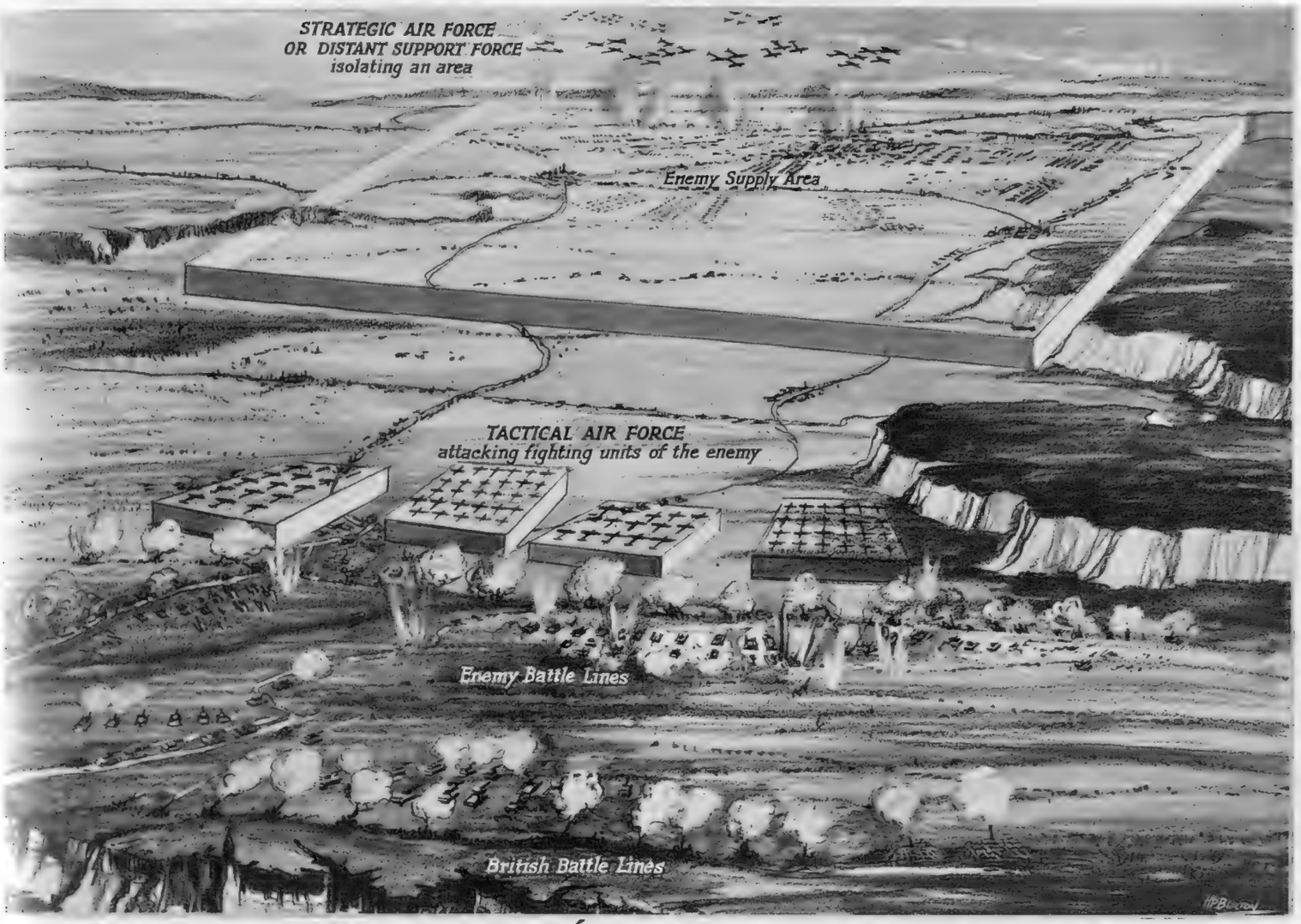
When, as is the rule, things go well on the homeward flight, there is still work to be done. While still over Europe the bomber may contact the medium-frequency direction-finding system, and get a check on its position as a result of bearings taken by three of our stations. Nearer home still, the oncoming bomber comes within the high-frequency D.-F. network, which functions very accurately indeed. Even in thick fog or low cloud, it can bring the bomber up to the outskirts of the airfield, when the plane may be handed over to the "beam" system.

Our planes rarely exchange messages with our surface craft—naval or merchant ships—by radio. They could do so quite easily, of course; it is simply a matter of switching to a common frequency or wave-band. But if, as is almost certainly the case, the ships are keeping radio silence themselves, they will not welcome radio greetings from passing planes. These would disclose their position to a U-boat or lurking Kondor just as effectively as a message from the ships themselves. In such cases, the Aldis lamp is used. What is known as the "Q" code is used for obtaining assistance and exchanging information by radio with the ground. It covers almost every conceivable contingency. Thus "QDR" means "What is my bearing?" "QGV" means "Am I in sight?" "QAM" means "Latest Meteorological Report, please." There is a note of urgency about "QAK"—"Am I in danger of collision?" Pleasantest of all for the returning bomber, probably, is "QGP," or "Is it my turn for landing?"

H. B.



BRITISH BOMBERS ON THEIR WAY TO GERMANY SIGHT ENEMY RAIDERS APPROACHING THE COAST and radio home to their base. When sending such a message back, Morse would be used. Speech is only employed at close range by pilots keeping in touch with one another in the same formation



The NEW PHRASE in the AIR COMMUNIQUÉS

The "Strategic" and the "Tactical" Air Forces, and How They Operate

Recently in an official British communiqué, mention was made, for the first time, of our "Strategic" and our "Tactical" Air Forces. The above drawing is a diagrammatic exposition of what these two terms mean, and how the two different forces are being used in Tunisia to-day. The "Tactical" Air Force might be described as the "close support" of the land forces: to carry out this function, it tries to keep up with the front line, and has, therefore, been organised on almost military lines; it provides air cover for the fighting men and protects them from attacks by the enemy, whether from bombing or from low-level strafing. It also carries out attacks on the enemy's troops, positions, artillery, lines of communication and supplies, as well as other purely military operations. While the "Tactical" Force is thus operating, the "Strategic" Air Force is destroying the enemy's more distant communications and supply lines, and dislocating the smooth functioning of far-off bases and ports and shipping; also, to use a new term, it is "softening up" the next objectives to be attacked.

The NEW AMERICAN "POCKET CARRIER"

The newest weapon in the fight against the U-boats is the escort-carrier *Tracker*. The tactical object of such craft (known to the Navy as "Woolworth Carriers") is to keep down the U-boats in mid-Atlantic, in the 500- or 600-mile "gap" which is far outside the range of the shore-based aircraft of present types used for convoy protection. Some of these new vessels, according to American reports, carry from twenty to thirty aeroplanes. *Tracker* and a sister vessel, *Searcher*, have already been handed over to the Royal Navy by the U.S. The ships of this class are mainly converted merchantmen and tankers specially chosen for their adaptability. In the picture reproduced here, the remarkably large number of gun-mountings which will carry *Tracker's* armament are clearly shown. By patrolling the dangerous "gap" in mid-ocean, aircraft from such vessels will do much to check the activities of the U-boat packs, and will undoubtedly materially reduce the number of enemy attacks on our shipping.

GUNS or TANKS?

The Developing Controversy as to their Respective Roles; and the Chances of a Final Marriage between the two

—Described by DONALD COWIE

THE mounting of some 25-pounder "gunhows," best of our light field-guns, on the chassis of Valentine Mark III tanks, takes the developing controversy between the tank and artillery schools of thought another step further. In the drawing on the right we show how this latest jointure has been effected.

The 25-pounder is an exceedingly versatile gun, capable of firing like a howitzer with varying charges in high lobs to root out stubborn defenders, or of shooting hard and straight at a clear target over a long distance. It is quick-firing, has very accurate sights, and is equipped with a recoil system which minimises the movement of the carriage after each shot.

The Valentine is a very strong and fast little tank of 16 tons, designed for quick infantry support, and especially for neutralising and destroying enemy tanks. Thus it is heavily armoured for its size. An incidental result of the design is that the Valentine has perhaps the easiest motion of all our tanks. "They cruise across open country like a car travelling on a good road," said an early official report. Hence, they can be quickly driven to a chosen vantage-spot.

But the 25-pounder gun and the Valentine working on their own both have certain disadvantages. The wheels of the gun would sink into sand or mud, and the limber find it difficult to proceed over rough country, while the gunners had to work dangerously in the open. The armament of the tank was never satisfactory, consisting of a 2-pounder anti-tank gun and a Besa machine-gun—weapons that were outclassed by those of the tanks with which they fought.

It can be seen how a marriage between the gun and the tank was felicitous. The low turret was stripped from the tank and the carriage from the gun, after which the weapon was lowered and clamped into position in such a way that the recoiling barrel would come to rest in the stripped centre of the tank's interior. Just enough space was left inside for the driver and a certain amount of ammunition. Outside and round the gun, like a great square turret, was built a structure of armour-plate very similar to that at the rear of a naval gun, in which the gunners could ride and work.

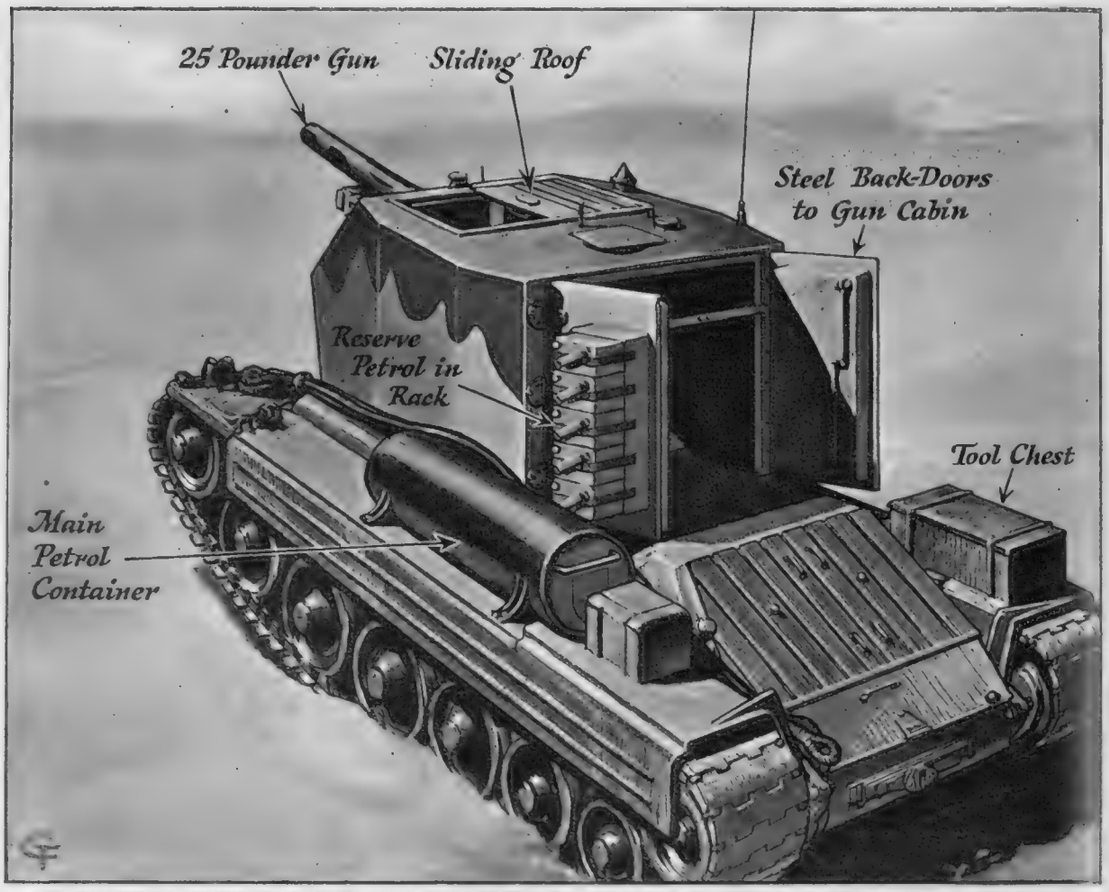
The interesting aspect of this development is that it seems to confirm the view of those who predict an eventual complete merger of artillery and armour. The argument is that while, on the one hand, anti-tank guns are restricting the mobility of the ordinary tank (and extraordinary tanks of great armoured strength are too heavy for many bridges and ground conditions), on the other hand guns are growing in importance, and their only defects are insufficient mobility and armoured protection.

Yet this is an extreme view, of the kind which seldom prevails. Not only jealous tank men, but also ambitious gunners agree that the self-propelled gun has its share of disadvantages. However firmly the gun is affixed to its caterpillar chassis, it does not possess the rigidity of a proper field-piece. A gun that is mounted four-square and tight is more accurate. Then the crew of the "S.P." (self-propelled) might have better armour protection, but the very cramped nature of that protection tends to impede their marksmen's skill. Above all, at the present stage of development, "S.P." guns tend to operate singly, their mobility carrying them away from each other, whereas the greatest strength of artillery is its massed or barrage effect. A subsidiary disadvantage, springing from this same cause, is that caterpillar ordnance often runs out of ammunition, having outstripped its less mobile supply units.

Yet it must be admitted that all such drawbacks can be overcome. Rough improvisations, like 25-pounders on Valentines, are already far from representative. Already, indeed, there are our "Priests" and "Deacons," 105-mm. field guns and howitzers built directly on caterpillar chassis, and the Germans have long specialised in several types of self-propelled artillery which were designed as such in the factory.

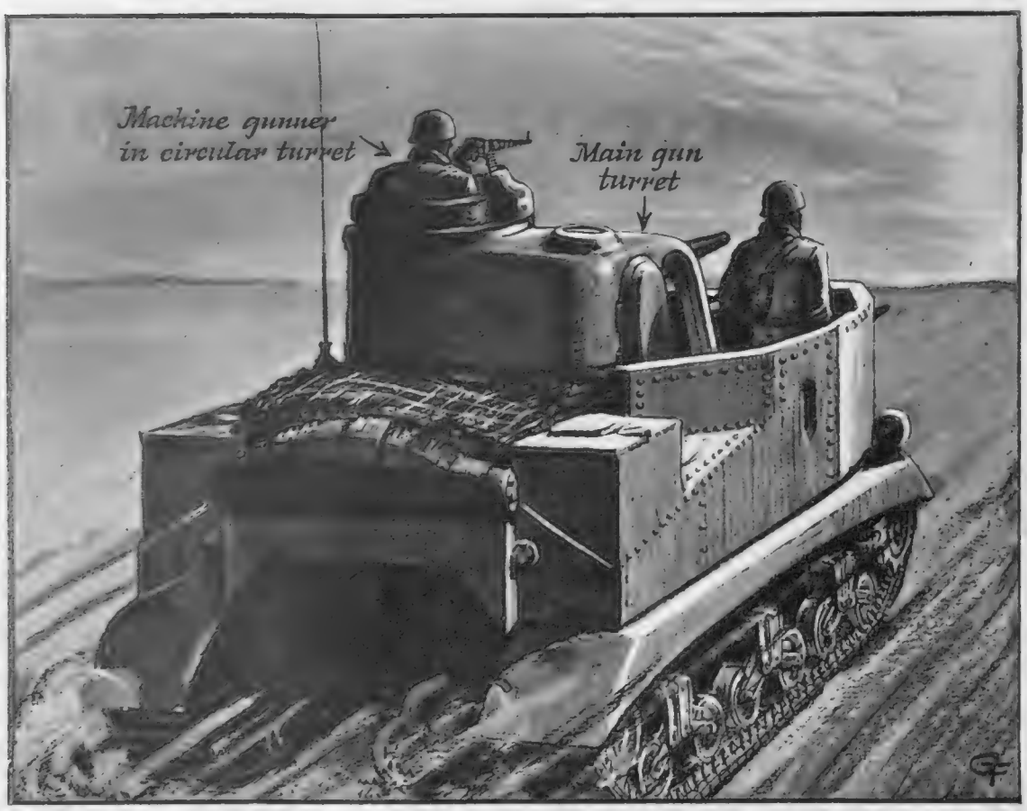
Once again, however, old-school critics might point out that the best of the German "S.P.s" are so fashioned that they can be fired either while mounted or while dismounted, and that they have most frequently been found in the dismounted position; while there is no doubt that German ordnance in this war, for all its mobility and technical smartness, has been out-gunned time and time again by the more conservative, but also more intensively directed, artillery of the Eighth Army and the Russians. There is also the quite important point that a self-propelled gun costs much more to produce, both in man-hours and in material.

Possibly the Royal Regiment and the Armoured Corps will never fully consummate their nuptials. It is possible that large guns will be increasingly mounted on self-propelling carriages with armour protection. The tank idea will, however, probably be reserved as such for fighting vehicles, whose purpose will continue to be "mobile" rather than "missile," that is to say, the active-taking, encircling and liquid defence of positions instead of just the battering down of the same from a reasonable distance.



THE FAMOUS 25-POUNDER MOUNTED AS A SELF-PROPELLED GUN ON A VALENTINE CHASSIS—*Drawing by Gordon Forsyth*

As described in the accompanying article, the 25-pounder is quick firing and it is equipped with a system which minimises the movement of the carriage in recoil. The Valentine is a very strong and fast small tank of 16 tons, heavily armoured. By removing the low turret from the tank and the carriage from the gun, the weapon can be effectively mounted in the manner shown above, and yet leave enough space for driver and ammunition. A square turret of armour plate is now fitted to the tank—and the "self-propelled gun" is the result! Note, in this drawing, the "oven doors" at the back of the turret, or cabin; and the special reserve petrol rack



THE TYPICALLY SQUARE-BUILT, LIGHT TANKS OF THE AMERICANS, showing the position of the machine-gunner's turret on the left. This type is now passing out of favour—*Drawing by Gordon Forsyth*

A distinctive feature of the typical tank with which America entered the war is revealed by this photograph—namely, the height of the hull. Seen from an unusual angle, close-up at the front or rear, the earlier American tank has a box-like appearance, enhanced by perpendicular armour plates on either side. This applies still more to the light M.3's and to the General Grant and General Lee heavy models, while even the General Shermans tend to look the same. The latest models have been modified to reduce their vulnerability in this respect—the higher the tank the better target it makes—and our allies are falling into line with the current trend, especially exemplified by the German Mark VI's and our own Churchills, which insists upon a broad beam and squat superstructure. For those who are interested in the study of tank silhouettes it may generally be laid down as the rule that the lighter the tank the more imposing or ungainly its superstructure, just because most light tanks are pre-war in design, and the latest models are nearly all mediums or heavies. Nevertheless, there is still plenty of martial scope for the many small types still in service—the American Christie shown in the picture above is extremely fast, as well as strongly armoured and is fulfilling the function of heavy cavalry

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A TANK IS HIT BY BRITISH ANTI-TANK SHELLS. The white arrows indicate the spots where seven shells have punctured the thick armour-plating of a German heavy tank

THE NEW AMERICAN "TANK DESTROYER." Powered by a specially-designed engine, these new mobile gun platforms have one-third more speed than the M4 medium tank. They are now being turned out by the Ford Works in America and they have already proved themselves in action in North Africa. Their heavy gun turrets are powerfully armoured. Vehicles of this type are known to the U.S. Army as the M10.

On left—A good many people must have wondered what happens when a tank is hit. The picture on the left tells you *what*! In each case a penetration has been made, as the well-defined holes (indicated by white arrows) demonstrate. It can be well imagined what havoc the anti-tank shells must have caused within the enemy vehicle when they exploded—*inside*! This picture comes from the Medenine area; it was taken just after five of the new German Mark III's had been destroyed by British gunfire.

THIS IS ONE OF THE MUCH-VAUNTED GERMAN TIGERS. It is the 62-ton tank from which the Germans expected great things. Now it is admitted by them that it still needs improvement and strengthening. A number of them were knocked out recently by the guns of the First Army in Tunisia

ANOTHER OF THE MARK VI TIGERS, with its turret completely blown off. Note the size of the big gun, and the manner in which it has been built into the vehicle. Space for the gunners within the tank is necessarily very restricted, for all the tank's great size

THIS WAS A SELF-PROPELLED 75-MM. GERMAN ANTI-TANK GUN. It has been blown off as the result of a direct hit. The chassis itself is of comparatively modest dimensions and height

INSIDE AN ENEMY GUN POSITION ON "RECCE RIDGE," IN TUNISIA. Another 75-mm. anti-tank gun which was rammed by a British tank, crushing its barrel hard into the ground and demolishing the entire weapon

The BRITISH ENTRY into KAIROUAN

The Holy City of the Arabs Captured by the First Army; and the Junction of the First and the Eighth Armies

—Special Sphere Drawing

The entry of the British First Army into Kairouan represents a high point in the Tunisian campaign. The British armoured forces had carried out a brilliant operation, driving the enemy before them, outfighting them and surprising them by their non-stop speed. A meeting with the famous Eighth Army had been effected about halfway between Fondouk and Kairouan, when some armoured cars of the two Armies, both flushed with victory, joined up and pushed on towards Kairouan.

The sun shone brightly from a clear blue sky when the vanguard of the British armoured cars entered Kairouan on Sunday, April 11. The townsfolk, just relieved of the presence of the German army which had been streaming through the city on their retreat northward all the previous day, gave a rousing welcome. A sense of a great deed well done, after months of considerable endurance and disappointment, caused a spirit of excitement and enthusiasm among the troops as they poured into the holy city of the Muslims. Men were in high spirits, cheering and singing, conscious that a special moment in the story of the campaign had arrived.

Those serving in the tanks and armoured cars could look back on three days of hard and strenuous endeavour, during which many of their comrades had fallen and some of their tanks had been lost, chiefly through

THE TOWN OF KAIROUAN as it appears from the Fondouk road, the route pursued by the victorious First Army

that weapon upon which Rommel now so largely relies—the minefield. It was on Friday, April 9, that the British armoured forces were ordered to force a way through the minefield guarding Fondouk. A flanking movement was ordered when this main effort proved too costly. This lay through a wadi, also heavily mined, leading to the rear of the town. Through the gallantry of the sappers a way was cleared and the tank squadrons poured through.

On the next day, the 10th, as the armoured forces swept on towards Kairouan, they were faced by an array of some fifty enemy tanks, despatchd hurriedly from Rommel's main force then on its way through Sousse, to delay the British advance. A battle ensued on the plain, lasting for two hours, during which the British had the advantage of position, the enemy being clearly silhouetted by the setting sun. When thirteen of their tanks had been destroyed, together with several of their self-propelled guns and twenty anti-tank guns, the enemy made a forced retreat.

The British followed, catching up the rearguard some twelve miles north of Kairouan, at a place called Borj. Here, at midday on the 11th, they found infantry with guns, supported by twenty-five tanks, well posted. The enemy endured a fierce attack for four hours and then began to retreat. When the German rearguard finally got away it was thoroughly broken, having lost twelve of its tanks, beside much of its transport. The armoured force of the First Army had at last been given an opportunity to show its capacity and had proved itself in conflict with a battle-worn foe, winning a decisive victory.

A GREAT MOMENT FOR BOTH ARMIES: THE MEETING OF THE FIRST AND EIGHTH ARMIES OUTSIDE KAIROUAN after the heroic forcing by the former of the Fondouk Pass. The First Army came in from the western track and met the Eighth Army cars on the main road to the north—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The first junction between the two Armies took place at 11.30 on the morning of April 11 some 20 miles from Fondouk. The Armies did not link up when the Eighth met the Americans east of El Guettar on April 7, because the American Corps is not part of the First Army, but is under the direct command of General Alexander as Commander of the Eighteenth Army Group. The actual meeting was between the armoured cars of the respective Armies, those of the First Army being a unit which has borne a gallant part in the Tunisian fighting since the early days of the campaign. Half an hour earlier other men of this Regiment had been the first to enter Kairouan, which they found held by a weak enemy rearguard who surrendered at almost the first shot. The remaining German forces, including tanks, had withdrawn northwards during the night and were pursued by our armour

THE CLOSE OF THE DESERT CHAPTER OF THE TUNISIAN BATTLE: THE ENTRY INTO THE HOLY CITY OF KAIROUAN. It was a moment of triumph for the two Armies, which linked up to make a joint entry into the historic city. Everywhere the population cheered lustily and gave the Victory sign to our troops: soon in the market squares, such as the above, British and Arabs and French were fraternising gaily—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

ON THE ROAD INTO KAIROUAN. Outside the town were clusters of British tanks, their tired crews lying asleep in the sun. Some of them had gathered whole bunches of brightly coloured flowers and had garlanded their vehicles with them. Through the thick heat haze which hung over the flat country, and shining through it, the British forces could see a tall white pillar pointing towards the sky. As they got nearer they could see what it was—the minaret of the Grand Mosque of Ogba, the Muslim warrior who conquered much of Africa and founded the holy city of Kairouan—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

THE FIRST ARMY AT THE DJEBEL ANG

The Capture of the Key Hill Position, where the British Infantry Proved of the Same Fighting Capacity as their Comrades of the Eighth Army—*Special* Sphere *Drawing*

THE FAMOUS "LONG-STOP HILL," as seen from a neighbouring cliff-top. Longstop is the black ridge in the middle distance. It lies five miles to the east of the Djebel Ang, and was captured by the First Army after bitter fighting

PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE FIRST ARMY DURING THE MOUNTAIN FIGHTING. They have only just been captured, but are already being marched off to the rear under guard. The type of terrain in this sector is well illustrated in the picture

THE FIRST ARMY COMES INTO ITS OWN IN NORTHERN TUNI
artillery barrage, and forced their way u

BREN-GUN CARRIERS MOVING ALONG THE TOP OF "RECCE RIDGE." This was captured as the result of a large-scale attack by infantry and tanks of the First Army. It resulted in the subsequent capture of the towns of Toukabeur and Chaouach on April 8 and 9 respectively, when 1,000 prisoners, mostly Austrian, were also taken. Recce Ridge is in the same area as the Djebel Ang

ISIA. THE ATTACK ON THE DJEBEL ANG, the key hill 2,000 ft. high and 8 miles to the north-west of Medjez-el-Bab. The British infantry advanced behind a creeping up the rocky slopes and through the undergrowth in a manner which is typical of the tasks now facing the infantry—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

After the Eighth Army, now comes the First Army! For weeks past, we have been learning of the exploits of a force which has proved no less valorous in action than the hard-bitten desert warriors coming up from the south. They have been fighting over a terrain which has been described as "the toughest fighting country in the world": reminiscent of the Derbyshire Peak District, it is made up of towering hills and narrow gorges and ravines, where every inch provides first-class cover to an enemy who has been digging himself in for four months with well-sited heavy machine-gun posts laid out by experts. Tanks cannot be used in such country, and assaults must be made by the infantry. The importance of the Djebel Ang is that it commands the road from Medjez-el-Bab to Tebourba, one of the two gateways to Tunis across the plain. When General Anderson launched his attack on the Djebel with two brigades, he used a large number of men who are now veterans in this type of warfare. After the lesser hills had been cleared, the main attack was opened. Our guns had been enabled to take up positions, and for two hours they plastered the whole hill area, in a manner reminiscent of the "artillery preparation" of the last war. The crushing effect of these barrages by the First Army gunners was amply described by German prisoners. As the barrage crept forward, the infantry went on behind it, engaging the enemy in bitter hand-to-hand fighting until the whole commanding mountain mass was in our hands. Within three days General Anderson had cleared the German shock troops out of the whole of this vital area and had taken up new positions which made further advances possible. The drawing by Mr. Byatt reproduced above shows the attack on the Djebel Ang in progress: up on the hillside shells from the British guns are bursting amongst trenches and strong-points as the infantry dash across the open ground towards the scrub-covered approaches to the main hill

On left—**BRITISH TROOPS ENTERING THE OUTSKIRTS OF PICHON**; *on right*—**INFANTRY MARCHING THROUGH THE TOWN.** The joint Allied attack on Pichon, in the central part of the Tunisian front, began in the early hours of April 6. With French forces on the left flank and American forces on the right, British armoured elements made a successful attack on Pichon, and in the same operations also captured a high ridge to the east of the town

THE CONTRASTS OF WAR IN THE CULTIVATED AREAS OF THE CENTRAL TUNISIAN PLAINS. The sight of broken and burning tanks, and smashed guns and lorries by the roadside, is the more poignant amid the neat farmsteads and flower-strewn fields than when encountered in the bare, open desert of Libya, now left far behind. The Libyan Desert was the "perfect battlefield," away from towns and peaceful villages—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE BITTER FIGHTING IN TUNISIA

Special Diagrams of the Chief Fighting Terrains

With Two Drawings of the Conditions under which Our Men have been Waging War

When the Eighth Army moved out of the wide stretches of the North African desert—the northern fringe of the great Saharan Belt—they found that a great change had come over the surroundings in which their war was to be waged in the future. The change had already been noticeable in the region of Tripoli; but it was not until the fertile plain of Tunisia north of Sfax was reached that it became inescapable.

No longer was army matched against army in an area where nothing but the two contending armies existed. In the desert proper after an action, only the battered relics of the defeated force met the eye. Overhead was the sheer arc of the sky; around, on every side, were the wide sweeps of desert in which the next moves would be developed. Now the situation has changed; everywhere in Central Tunisia are "flower-strewn fields, olive groves and orchards," and the sight of a burning tank or an abandoned broken gun becomes doubly hideous by contrast with these peace-suggesting surroundings.

As the men advance northwards, the contrast becomes increasily violent. A crashed plane or overturned lorry, wrecked by a mine, seems out of place. "Day after day what strikes one most poignantly just now is the amazing fertility and incredible beauty of this countryside, in which one of the decisive battles of the whole war is now being fought," says one correspondent. "Essentially it is a 'civilised' countryside in the eighteenth-century sense. Round Aroussa and Bou Arada the smooth grassy slope and demure civilised trees form natural parkland, making a worthy setting for a Watteau fete champetre."

Not a few of the Eighth Army's warriors have already been reported to have a nostalgic feeling for the open desert, with the wide freedom, as it were, of the open sea, and for the healthy desert tang in the air, when war was war and nothing else!

On left—**A LAST TOUCH OF THE DESERT FOR THE EIGHTH ARMY! An attack by a swarm of locusts on an armoured column and infantry on their way to the north**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The Eighth Army has suffered from many natural hazards during their 2,000-mile advance from Egypt into Tunisia. Here is one of the strangest. A hot wind from the Sahara was filling the parched foothill country around the Gabes area with choking dust. As the men and tanks advanced, swarms of locusts dashed blindly into the men's eyes—a last reminder of the desert lands they were leaving behind. The locust is a pest whose operations extend from Arabia through Palestine to the whole of Northern Africa. They appear like a brownish cloud, or like a flock of small birds wavering in the air. In a few moments they are all over the place—sticky, repulsive insects, which are squashed underfoot as they settle on the ground.

THE DESPERATE DAY AND NIGHT ATTACK UPON THE MUSHROOM HILL OF TAKROUNA, where the fiercest fighting of the Eighth Army's campaign took place to the north of Enfidaville. Mines were laid among the boulders and cactus bushes at its foot, and the precipitous cliffs had to be scaled through a network of ruins. The equally famous Jebel Garci lies more to the westward—*Drawing by Percy Home*

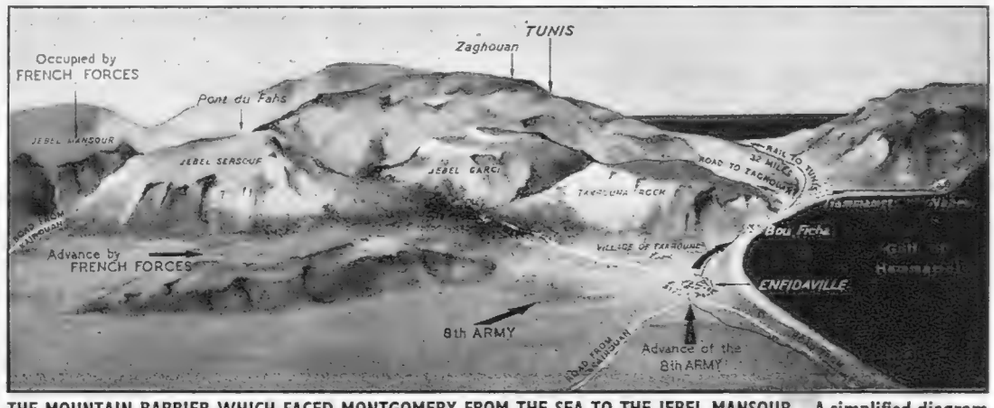
Fierce as had been some of the battles of the Eighth Army during its successful campaign against the Afrika Korps through Egypt, Libya, Cyrenaica and Tripolitania, enemy action paled before the ferocity of the conflict which raged on and around the rock mass of Takrouna. Men who knew Keren, in East Africa, said that this was altogether a fiercer affair.

After the occupation of Enfidaville, forces of the Eighth Army moved westwards towards the first spurs of the mountains in which the Axis armies were making their desperate stand. A small ridge was first cleared and then Jebel Garci, overlooking the road to Zaghouan, was scaled and occupied after some very tough hand-to-hand work. Attention was turned to the rock mass of Takrouna, where the enemy had built himself in, as is his custom when on the defensive.

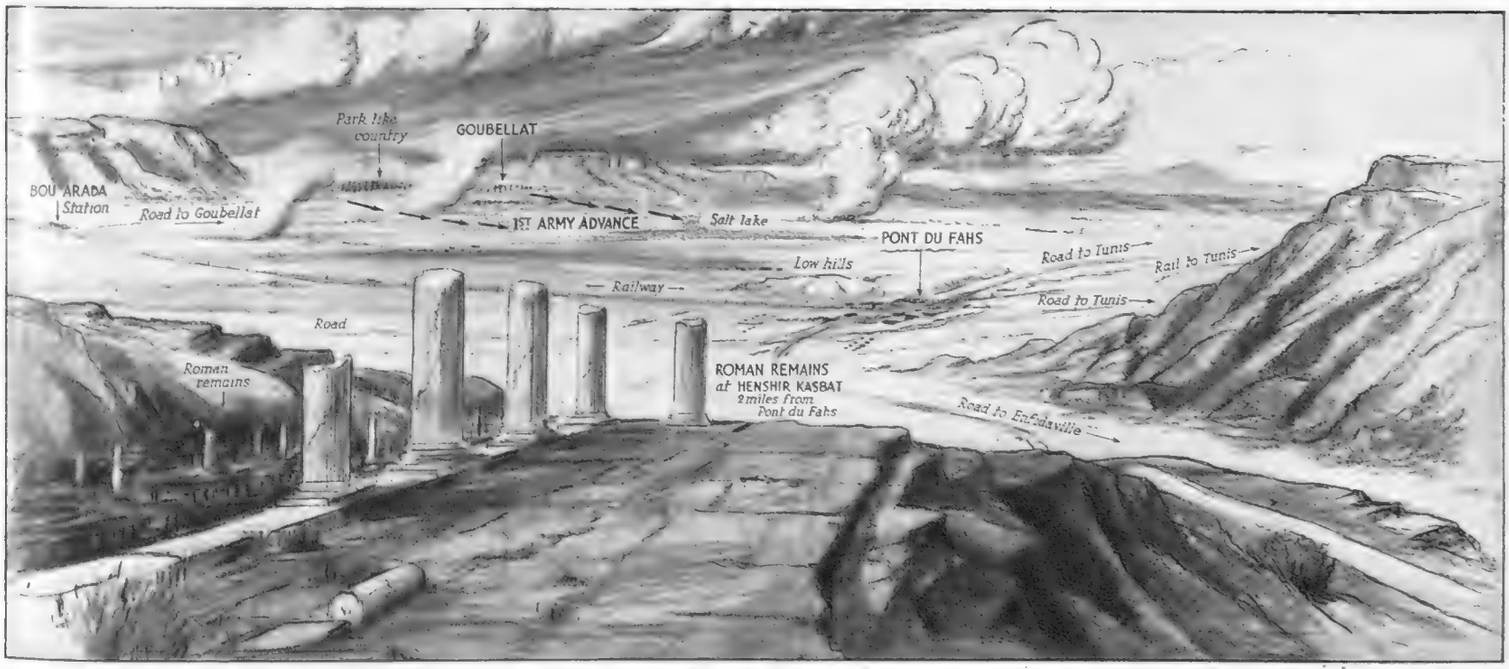
The position, physically, was a hard proposition. The bluff, or mesa, was variously described by those who stared as it as reminding them of the Acropolis or Edinburgh Castle rock. It has been described as table-topped or mushroom-shaped, for the rocks in places actually overhang. Giant boulders are strewn around its sides.

This formidable position, capped by a village which is half fort, had to be stormed by men of the Eighth Army in the face of fierce opposition from an enemy who had prepared gun or mortar positions in every cave or cranny which lent itself to such purpose. Round the foot of the Takrouna rock the cactus and thorn growth had been heavily mined.

The men fought their way through these difficult lower snags, to be met by sheer cliffs, from the caves of which enemy machine gunners rained a deadly fire. Only at certain more broken points could the cliffs be scaled. Jebel Froukr, a hill to the north-east, was captured, and assisted in turning the enemy's position. It made possible the final capture of Takrouna. The enemy counter-attacked, but the Eighth Army fought on from cave to cave, armed with tommy-gun and hand-grenades, until each nest was cleared. Fierce fighting took place on the summit of the rock before the last of the enemy were expelled.

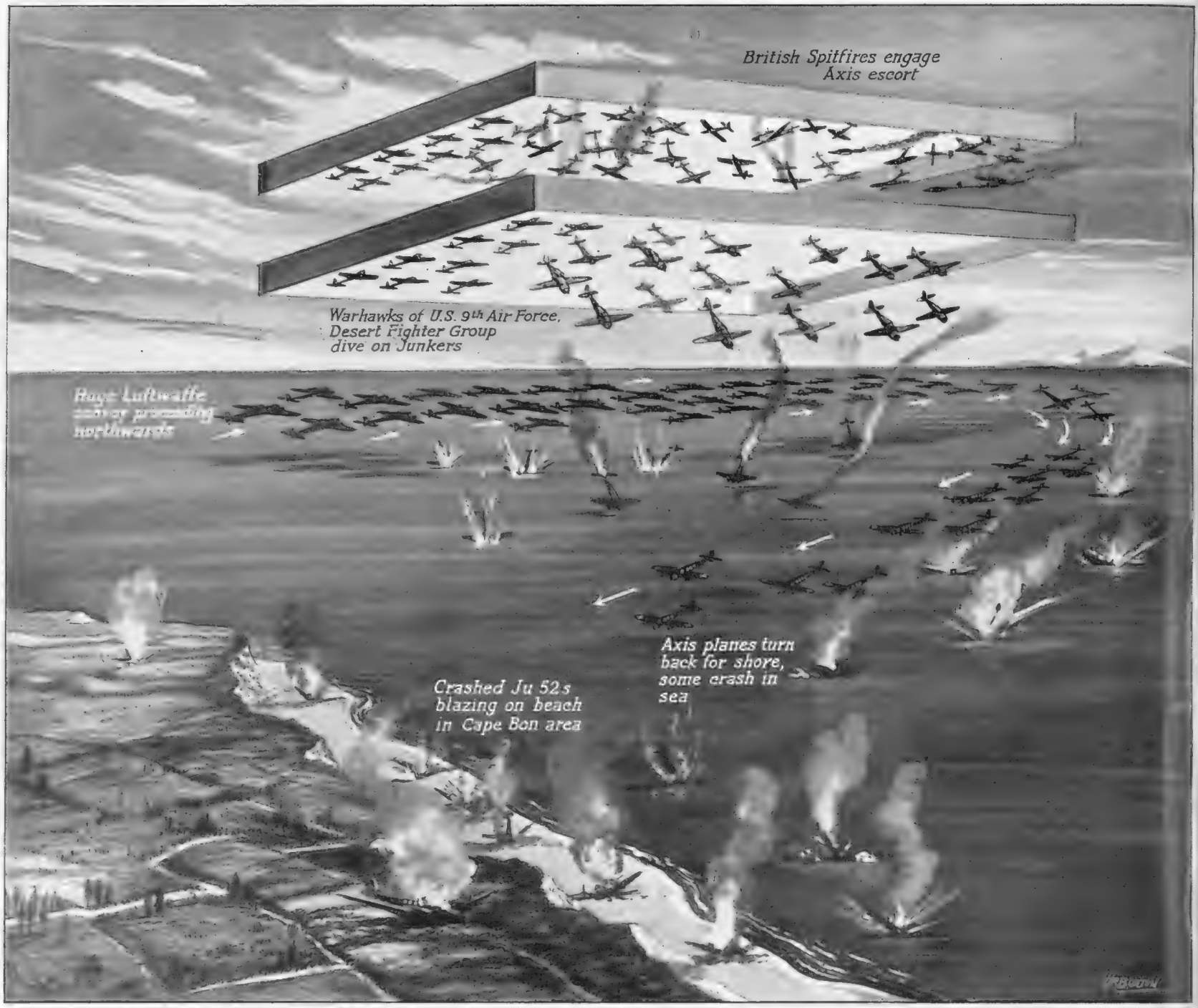


THE MOUNTAIN BARRIER WHICH FACED MONTGOMERY FROM THE SEA TO THE JEBEL MANSOUR. A simplified diagram to show the main mountain positions which confronted the Eighth Army after the capture of Sousse



THE FIGHT FOR PONT DU FAHS, a key-point in the enemy's scheme of defence. In this area the Germans concentrated strong forces—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Westward of Enfidaville, and at a point almost centrally due south of Tunis, Pont du Fahs occupies a very important place in the enemy's scheme of defence. Several roads converge upon it from the north, south and west. A railway line from Tunis runs through it, before turning westwards and southwards to Bou Arada and other points under the hills to the west. The hills here encircle a wide open space of country which looks flatter than it really is. Low hills and smaller protuberances break the surface of the ground which stretches from Goubellat to Pont du Fahs. Lakes, too, and marshy pans demonstrate that the plain is not such an easy piece of country as a first glance might indicate. In the view given here, Pont du Fahs lies to the right, while away to the left is Goubellat, on the rail to Bou Arada. Here stubborn German resistance was encountered. To reach Goubellat, which itself is a small agricultural centre, the troops have had to pass through a wonderful park-like country bordering the hills on the west. Between this country of stately trees is an area of busy garden and fruit-tree cultivation, giving a picture of rich agricultural life. The First Army thrust down from the north-west and west and worked its way persistently towards the railway held by the enemy. The First Army's tanks met the enemy's armour in what is considered now to be an old-fashioned mode of battle—i.e., tank versus tank. Out in the plain around the lakes the enemy suffered some heavy losses in these tank operations. Evidences of the Roman occupation present another strange feature to this odd scene of battle. Delicately fluted columns of temples still stand at Henshir Kasbat, about two miles from Pont du Fahs. Gateways, baths, cisterns and mausoleums bear witness to the colonising energy of Rome under the Emperors



THE GREAT ALLIED AIR VICTORY OFF CAPE BON, NEAR TUNIS, ON APRIL 18, when seventy-four aircraft (the great majority of them big Ju.52 troop-carriers) were shot down by our fighters into the sea or were crashed on to the beaches by their pilots. The enemy aircraft were all engaged on the Axis convoy route between Tunisia and Sicily when they were trapped by American Warhawks, escorted by British Spitfires, and massacred (*see* notes below)—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

CUTTING OFF ROMMEL'S SUPPLIES

The Big Onslaughts by Allied Aircraft on Axis Air and Surface Convoys Across the Sicilian Narrows

—With Special Sphere Diagrams

The task of cutting off the German armies in Tunisia from their bases in Italy has been a co-operative one, in which the Royal Navy has collaborated effectively with the R.A.F. Warships, submarines and lighter craft have lent a hand, and caused much havoc to shipping essaying the crossing of the Sicilian Channel; whilst bombers have pounded away at similar targets from the air.

On April 18 one of the most sensational attacks of the whole North African campaign was carried out—this time from the air, and by fighter aircraft. It was not the first time that Axis air convoys had been trapped, but there had never been anything like this before! It was known that large numbers of Ju.52's had made the trip to the Tunisian tip and would, therefore, have to return to Italy in due course. So British, American and South African pilots of the Desert Air Force set an ambush for them.

They came across them flying as near to the sea as they could, going north-east on a line from Cape Bon to Sicily. It was a huge air convoy, but the Warhawks dived down on the transports, and the Spitfires nipped in between them and the German fighter escort and held the Germans off while the Warhawks knocked the Junkers one after another down into the sea.

There was no hope for them. Some that did manage to get back to land crash-landed on the beaches near Bizerta as fast as they could, but night fighters were sent out the same night to shoot these planes up and set them on fire. Most of the planes did manage to get back to land but were caught there and shot down, so that the ground was dotted with burning wrecks.

What machines did escape were often badly shot up and considerably damaged.

One eye-witness account of the action says: "The Warhawks went flat out among the Junkers, while the Spitfires engaged the fighter escort up top. You could see the fire from the Warhawks kicking up fountains of water in the sea as they opened their guns on their targets. One by one the Junkers went down, most of them in flames. It was a massacre."

The operation will be a severe blow to the Axis. For some time past the use of transport planes had been increasing and it looked as if Germany was concentrating these in Southern Italy from various parts of Europe.

THE NEW AMERICAN FIGHTER PLANE, THE WARHAWK, which took such a prominent part in the "massacre" shown in the upper drawing: This fighter is a relation to the equally famous Kittyhawk, but it is powered with a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine (built in the U.S. by the Packard Company). It is equipped with six 50-calibre machine-guns, is very manœuvrable and has an excellent performance at altitudes at which bomber interceptions are now taking place (although the actual encounter shown in the upper drawing occurred quite low over the sea). The Warhawk is an improvement on its predecessors in that it has higher horse-power and much greater fire-power. The fire-power of the Warhawk is, in fact, 450 per cent. greater than the original P.40 from which it developed. The photograph above was taken during early test flights in the United States: few details other than those given here have been released for publication

In all, a total of seventy-four enemy aircraft were shot down, the great majority of them Ju.52's but, in addition, Me.109's and Me.110's. Nine of our aircraft were lost. The drawing at the top of this page is a reconstruction of this extraordinary action.

THE GREAT SIX-ENGINED TRANSPORTS WHICH THE GERMANS ARE NOW USING TO REINFORCE THEIR TUNISIAN ARMIES—the Me.323, or "Flying Caterpillar," which has ten wheels and which is capable of carrying 130 soldiers. Many of them have been shot down by our fighters over the Mediterranean—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Latest and largest of the so-called "powered gliders," this Messerschmitt transport monoplane has six French Gnome-Rhone radial engines, each of 700-800 h.p. These are arranged in line-abreast along the leading edge of the wing, which is strut-braced to the deep fuselage. Forward of the leading edge is the pilot's cockpit, and built in to the bottom of the nose portion of the fuselage is a multi-wheeled undercarriage for landing on rough ground. The aircraft can carry a load of about ten tons, which means that some 130 soldiers can be accommodated within its roomy body. Its nickname of the "Flying Caterpillar" arises from the curious aspect of the ten wheels when in flight. Very slow when in the air, the Me.323 is a sitting target for Allied fighters over the Mediterranean, and many of them—complete with passengers or cargo—have already been shot down in the battles above the Sicilian Narrows. When engaged on this "suicide route," it has been the habit of the German pilots to keep as low as possible in the hope of escaping observation

HOW THE R.A.F. RANGE OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN NEAR THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST IN SEARCH OF THEIR PREY. A formation of Baltimore bombers, flying out to the attack. These aircraft carry a crew of four, and are equipped with a heavy defensive and offensive armament: built in the United States, they were designed to the requirements of the R.A.F. primarily as a medium bomber, but they are also suited for long-range reconnaissance. In North Africa, they have done great work over land as well as at sea

AN AXIS SUPPLY SHIP BLOWN SKY-HIGH IN A GREAT FORTRESS ATTACK ON A CONVOY OFF BIZERTA. The bombers came out from North Africa on April 6, and in their campaign to cut Rommel's supply lines sank or damaged, on that one day alone, seventeen Axis ships. The picture on the left shows how the Flying Fortresses sighted the enemy convoy off Bizerta: the second picture shows what happened after bombs had been dropped amongst the vessels, with smoke and flames spreading far over the sea. Indications are that the vessel on the right was blown to bits and that none of the crew survived

A SUBMERGED BRITISH SUBMARINE TORPEDOES AN ENEMY PLANE! AN OCCASION PROBABLY UNIQUE IN NAVAL ANNALS. Lieut. Maydon, D.S.O., subsequent explosion destroys not only the surface vessel, but also one of the three enemy aircraft accompanying her

Three enemy aeroplanes were flying above the waters of the Mediterranean. Near by a British submarine lay submerged. The submarine torpedoed one of the planes! This is how it occurred. The submarine was commanded by Lt. S. L. C. Maydon, D.S.O.; through his periscope he sighted an Axis supply ship escorted by three aircraft. He fired a torpedo and, taking another look, found that all that was left of the target was a magnificent column of orange and white smoke, rising to quite 1,000 ft.—*and only two of the aeroplanes.* "It was hoped," he said, "that the third may have gone to great heights when the target blew up." On the same patrol the submarine stalked a troop-carrying vessel for five hours, and then set her ablaze by gunfire. The enemy abandoned ship and Lt. Maydon closed to pick up prisoners. "A pandemonium in broken English, Italian and German was let loose," he reported. "Most of it was unintelligible, but we were able to understand their assurance that no British prisoners were on board." On previous patrols Lt. Maydon has sunk a 10,000-ton Italian cruiser and torpedoed a battleship

A LITTLE CHAPTER OF NAVAL HISTORY: H.M.S. "Medway," the submarine depot-ship of 14,650 tons, whose loss in the Mediterranean last year was only made public by the Admiralty recently. This is an impression of the vessel in Hong Kong Harbour, where she was for many years a familiar feature whilst serving with the China Squadron—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On April 13 the Board of Admiralty announced the loss of the *Medway*: the announcement was not made previously because, at that time, it was clear that the enemy did not know that she had been sunk, and it was necessary to deny him this information while certain dispositions were made. The *Medway* was a remarkable ship. "I remember well seeing her when she was new and undergoing her trials," writes Mr. McDowell. "Her promenade decks, and the great number of windows and ports, combined with the general outline of her hull and her two rather stubby funnels, gave her more the appearance of a passenger liner." She was a motor ship with Diesel engines of 8,000 h.p., which gave her a speed of 16 knots. She was completed in September 1929 by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong. Her displacement was 14,650 tons, and she was 580 ft. long, with a beam of 85 ft. She carried a normal complement of 400, and had probably the finest workshops and equipment of any vessel afloat—a foundry, machine shop, smithy, torpedo shop and a plumber's shop. She was able to undertake repairs to the hull or machinery of any ship requiring her services. She could mother no fewer than eighteen submarines, and she could also provide extensive accommodation and recreation and amusement for the submarine crews. Before the war H.M.S. *Medway* was the submarine depot-ship of the China Station at Hong Kong: in those days she was painted in peacetime white, as was customary on Eastern stations. A *Medway* has carried the Ensign through six of Britain's wars, the first of her line being a 60-gun Ship of the Line built in 1693

SUBMARINE VERSUS AEROPLANE

And Other Aspects of the Wartime Work of the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean and in the English Channel

fires a torpedo at an Axis supply ship in the Mediterranean, and in the —*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

A HIGH-SPEED LAUNCH SETS OFF FOR A RESCUE AT SEA: A fine study of the crew at their stations as they start off from their base to patrol waters near the English coast to pick up airmen who may have come down "in the drink"

Below—The Navy plays a great part in the work of the Air-Sea Rescue Service, for all the vessels, including the graceful, fast launches of the R.A.F., come under its operational control. The Rescue motor-launches look rather like miniature destroyers, can weather any seas, and, with their longer range, can, and often do, sail right to within a few miles of the enemy coast. The *Luftwaffe*, having shot down a British pilot, does not like to see him rescued, and the launches are frequently attacked: for this reason they are armed with anti-aircraft weapons. The scene depicted by Mr. Dawson below has been enacted many times in the Channel within sight of the chalk cliffs of the South Coast. It must be heartening for a pilot shot down over the Channel and forced to take to his dinghy to see, first, the white cliffs looming up near by, and then the approach of the trim and efficient high-speed launch

THE NAVY'S PART IN THE WORK OF THE AIR-SEA RESCUE SERVICE: A fighter pilot is rescued by a high-speed launch (all of which come under the operational control of the Royal Navy) right under the white cliffs of the English south coast—"a grand, solid sight to an airman who has spent many hours in his dinghy in the watery no-man's land."—*Drawing by Montague Dawson* (See notes above)

AN AMERICAN MOBILE UNIT TAKES A REPAIR DEPOT TO THE PLANE: A Flying Fortress, damaged in a forced landing on the South Coast, is repaired on the spot

Months of labour and thousands of pounds are being saved by the work of the Mobile Repair Units which have been put into operation by the United States Eighth Air Force Service Command in this country. Instead of dissembling an aeroplane and taking it to a depot for repair, the depot is taken to the damaged plane. When a Flying Fortress made a forced landing in a field near the South Coast, a Mobile Repair Unit was rushed to the spot. The aircraft was badly damaged. All four motors were damaged as the propellers dug into the soft ground; new ones had to be installed: the lower ball turret, the underside of the fuselage and the bomb-bay doors were also damaged. After the plane had been repaired, a special runway was laid down by an Engineer Unit of the U.S. Army, thus obviating the necessity for dismantling the whole of the huge aircraft: the Fortress was then able to take off and fly back to its base under its own power. The picture reproduced above shows the scene as American mechanics worked on the engines of the crashed "Stella"

AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT PLANE CARRIES A FIGHTER INSIDE ITS FUSELAGE. The body of a P40 Warhawk, stripped of its wings, is transported to an Africa base for repairs inside a capacious Douglas C47, or "Sky-train"

HOW THE WINGS OF THE WARHAWK WERE LASHED TO THE UNDERSIDE OF THE TRANSPORT PLANE. This huge U.S. C47 transport is about to take off from an air base in Africa, carrying an American P40 fighter aircraft formerly operated by British pilots. The fighter needed repairs at a rear base, and the transport, having discharged its cargo, was flying back for further supplies. The fuselage of the P40 was stowed away inside, and the wings were lashed to the belly of the bigger aircraft. The seats and straps along each side of the aircraft in the picture on the left are for paratroops. It is said that this is the first time since the beginning of aviation that one complete plane has been carried by another

WAR SCENES FROM MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD

Showing Activities by Air and by Sea in America, Africa, Britain and the Continent

THE DINGHY OF A NAZI BOMBER IS CAPTURED INTACT. It came from an enemy aircraft shot down by R.A.F. night fighters at Bromley a few days ago. Parts of the machine fell in allotments and parts in front of a house

THE MARINES UNDERGO A BATTLE COURSE ON THE SOUTH COAST: This imitation "Invasion Craft" has been built on land on the South Coast, so that the Royal Marines may be fully prepared when the time comes to set foot on the Continent of Europe. In this picture, the Marines (all with blackened faces) are receiving instruction from an officer. The men hope to be amongst the first across when the great moment arrives!

A RUSSIAN FREIGHTER WRECKED IN A STORM on the North Pacific coast. The vessel is here resting on her side after having been driven on to the rocks

HOW THE CREW OF THE FREIGHTER WERE RESCUED: These two dramatic pictures were taken from the air. After the vessel had been driven on the rocks in a storm, fifty-four members of the crew (including eight women) were rescued by U.S. coastguards. One of the rescued women was injured, and another woman was killed when a cable snapped, dropping the bow of a lifeboat into the sea. In the lower picture, U.S. coastguards are seen dotting the top of a precipice overlooking the ship and in a cave half-way down the side. From these vantage points the members of the crew were hauled to safety

A TYPHOON DESTROYS A GERMAN JU.52: Six pictures from a film of the action, showing how the British fighter blew the big lumbering transport into bits

These photographs were recorded by a miniature cine camera mounted in the aircraft's wing: they show the devastating fire-power of the Typhoon, the R.A.F. Fighter Command's new and formidable single-seated fighter. A Belgian pilot of a Typhoon Squadron (who has already shot up motor-barges, two railway engines and a power-station transformer) came across a Ju.52 German troop-carrying aircraft near the Belgian's own home town during a recent offensive patrol. "I was shooting up the second engine when I saw the Ju.52 about three miles away," he said. "It was flying at about 2,000 ft. and had obviously just taken off. I dived for the deck so as not to be seen and came up behind the Ju.52. My brain was working hard, thinking out the best method of attack, as I had already used up most of my ammunition. I closed in behind, keeping right down on the deck until I was near the Junkers. Then I climbed behind and let him have it." From this point the photographs illustrate the Belgian pilot's narrative. **Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5**—"Only my port guns fired, but it was enough. The starboard engine of the Hun caught fire and pieces flew out of the clouds of smoke. I broke away at 30 yards." **No. 6**—"He went down and broke in two behind a small building. Pieces of the Ju.52 continued to blaze on the ground"

PRESERVING THE BEAUTY OF BRITAIN

The Work of the National Trust in Securing Historic Buildings and Beautiful Scenery for the People. Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THE air is full of post-war schemes from the Beveridge Report to town planning and country planning, though many people disagree with the idea of planning for peace when the war is still in its most bloody stage. Anyone, however, who remembers the terrible mess made of the promise that England should be a land fit for heroes to live in after the last war, will realise that plans of some kind must be made—particularly in view of the possibility (though not probability) of a sudden collapse of the war in Europe. In which case it is to be hoped that the services of the Executive Committee and the Secretary of the National Trust will be utilised to the full in any post-war planning of town and countryside. The Trust is now a very large landowner, and it has a greater diversity of properties than any other body or person in Great Britain. Besides open spaces, small amenity woods and ancient buildings, it now owns large agricultural estates and woodlands, which must be treated on a private forestry basis. Its 480 cottages and over 100 farms bring it into contact with questions of rural housing and agricultural policy. Its extensive holdings on the coast and in potential National Park areas give it a concern in problems of national planning and National Parks. And in a world in which it appears that the State may progressively regulate the use of land, and in which the private citizen is likely to be heavily taxed for a long time, the Trust's relationship to the State is bound to come under even closer consideration.

To-day, members of the Joint Standing Committe, organised by the Councils for the preservation of rural England and Wales, are thinking in terms of National Parks of anything from 200 to 600 square miles—in such places as the Lake District, the Peak District and Dovedale, not to mention Exmoor. In the United States and Canada the National Parks are famous. Here the public are encouraged and animals are protected. Some people think that the public should be excluded from a National Park—for the benefit of the animals. The proper definition, in my opinion, of a National Park is "a stretch of wilder country in which the enjoyment of the public is the major consideration." Incidentally, one National Park in Canada is only five acres in extent.

It is only in recent years that the National Trust has become known to the general public. And yet it dates back to 1895, when there was that struggle to save Wimbledon Common and other similar areas around London. The moving spirits in the matter were Miss Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Rawnsley, and its first acquisition was four acres overlooking the sea on the edge of the Barmouth estuary. (It is a curious coincidence for me personally that I was born in Red Branch House, about a quarter of a mile from Wimbledon Common, and that our place in the country is at Harlech, only ten miles from Barmouth. Perhaps it was due to this that my mother gave eight acres of very attractive woods to the National Trust shortly before the war.)

The next property that the Trust acquired after the one at Barmouth was the Old Clergy House at Alfriston in Sussex. This was followed by fifteen acres of Cornish coast at Tintagel and the Joiners Hall at Salisbury. The capital required for the latter was provided by two Eton masters, while the purchase price of Barras Head (£505) was raised by public subscription.

Miss Octavia Hill played the foremost part in securing further properties. But nobody at that time envisaged the development of suburbia; with the result that a rash of villas and bungalows appeared near each protected place. And it was not until 1919 that the National Trust started to acquire neighbouring land to safeguard the amenities of protected land. In the meantime, the Trust was incorporated by Act of Parliament, and its acreage rose slowly from 1,700 in 1907, to 6,400 in 1918. In addition to this, the Trust was allowed to lease 7,400 acres of moorlands in the Holnicote Estate in Somerset from the grandfather of Sir Richard Acland, the present head of the Common Wealth Party.

To-day, the Trust owns 100,000 acres, and protects by covenant another 30,000. This scheme of protecting estates by covenant was inaugurated in 1934 at the suggestion of Mr. D. M. Matheson, the Secretary. I am no lawyer, but it appears that, instead of buying property, you can, by covenant, save the countryside from jerry-building. A talk by the late Lord Lothian on country houses, that same year, was a further step in the right direction. He realised that, with increasing income tax and death duties, and the social changes corollary thereto, many owners of country houses would be unable to keep them up in their existing state: So it was that an Act was passed in 1937 giving the Trust the necessary powers to deal with entailed estates. If it had not been for this, Dorneywood, Sir Courtauld Thomson's charming property near Burnham Beeches, could not have been accepted the other day; nor could Cliveden (given and endowed by the Astors for the promotion of a goodwill scheme between the Empire and the United States).

Few people realise how many attractive properties are now controlled by the National Trust. If I were the Michelin Guide, I would give three stars to Box Hill, the Devil's Punchbowl at Hindhead, the Bath Assembly Rooms, Bodiam Castle, as well as to Blakeney Point, Chiddingstone Village, and Moreton Old Hall, in Cheshire. And so far I have only got as far as the letter C of the alphabet. These properties were acquired before the outbreak of this war. In the last two years there are several three-star and two-star acquisitions to be recorded, like Blickling, Avebury, Wallington, Hotbank Farm (Hadrian's Wall), Tawhouse and Whahouse in Eskdale, Boarstall Tower, Thorington Hall, Little Clarendon, a lovely stretch of the Pembrokeshire coast, and the Bateman Estate near Burwash, where Rudyard Kipling spent the latter years of his life.

Every year, dozens of properties are offered to the National Trust and are refused. Yes, many a gift house is looked in the mouth. For an attempt is made to maintain the high standard laid down in its qualifying phrase—"places of historic interest or natural beauty." The Farne Islands, which belong to the National Trust, are a perfect example of a property which fulfils every ideal. It is extremely beautiful; it is first class for naturalists; it has a romantic interest provided by Grace Darling, and an historic interest provided by the association with St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert.

Sometimes the National Trust comes across border-line cases, such as (1) an ugly house and a plain estate with which goes a substantial surplus revenue; (2) a modern Norwegian chalet in the heart of ten attractive acres; (3) a big house of no architectural virtue, but full of exquisite furniture.

There is no doubt that in the majority of cases the offer of a property is purely due to philanthropic reasons. In other instances a very human vanity may be the cause. A third reason may be the anticipation of death duties. A fourth may be due to the present owner being unable to maintain the property. So far, there have been no officially recognised cases of houses being given to the National Trust because they are haunted.

But how does the National Trust acquire its funds? The answer is that several estates which it now owns are endowed. Others, like farmland and farms, make a small but steady income. In addition to this, there are monetary legacies and subscriptions. For a sum of £500 anyone can become a benefactor. For £100 you can become an Honorary Member. For £20 you can become a Life Member. For ten shillings a year you can become an Annual Subscriber; and for half a crown a year you can become an Associated Subscriber. Personally, I should have thought that if the organisation allowed people to call themselves "Fellows of the National Trust" (F.N.T.), then many members of the public who like initials after their name would gladly spring a fiver a year.

Of the estates refused recently, one was five acres of woodland near London, which was surrounded by a high wall, the proviso of the gift being that no member of the public should be allowed inside it! Another was a mid-Victorian villa, the proviso being that the owner should receive an annuity. A third was an inferior house with 140 acres in the West of England, the proviso being that a cock-eyed educational scheme should be carried out on the spot.

ONE OF THE NEWEST ACQUISITIONS BY THE NATIONAL TRUST—The historical Druidical Circle at Avebury

The purchase of 950 acres of land at Avebury was made recently. It includes the greater part of the group of prehistoric remains which make this one of the most important archæological spots in Europe. The Avebury site contains the ruins of a supposed Druidical temple, a large outer circle of stones and two lesser, inner circles, forming one of the most remarkable of stone monuments in the United Kingdom. The stones vary from 5 ft. to 20 ft. in height and from 3 ft. to 12 ft. in thickness, and the diameter of the outer circle is about 1,400 ft.

In the Lake District alone the Trust owns 14,000 acres, and protects by covenants a further 15,000 acres. What is more, this figure is likely to be increased substantially by further bequests.

In looking towards the future, the Council of the National Trust is faced with a number of problems. War is economically wasteful, and even when it is over the community will be considerably impoverished. Numbers of fine buildings will probably be unable to find occupants, and the question is, which of them should be preserved? Unless Parliament gives further concessions, it is unlikely that the Trust will be able to preserve many historic country houses (with their furniture, gardens and parks), the decay and demolition of which would be a real loss to the history of the country.

The clash between those two ugly words, "utility" and "amenity," occurs in other ways. Much land available to the public has been kept in grass for obvious reasons, though from a strictly agricultural point of view it could have been improved by periodic ploughing. Other wilder lands have been used little, if at all, for agriculture, and could be improved for grazing purposes or could yield a return as coniferous woodlands. But whatever the future may hold, there is no doubt that Miss Octavia Hill deserves a statue, and that a public-spirited man like Mr. Nigel Bond, who is a member of the Council, the Executive Committee, the Country Houses Committee, and the Finance and General Purposes Committee of the National Trust, deserves public recognition.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NEWS ITEMS FROM THE HOME FRONT

NEW LAUNCHING METHODS FOR NEWLY-DESIGNED CONCRETE-AND-STEEL BARGES : A new launching method, tried for the first time, was used when the barge *Primus* was launched from a Thameside yard. In this method, the barge is built up over the water on collapsible concrete piles. Jacks are placed in position along the side. When ready for launching the jacks are turned simultaneously, giving the vessel a push and literally dropping her into the water. The piles are afterwards recovered and used again. Designed and built by British engineers with new construction methods, the *Primus* will carry more than 200 tons of cargo

THE YOUNGEST WOMAN STOKER IN THE COUNTRY : Miss Marjorie Fitch : Brown-eyed, and with dark wavy hair, seventeen-year-old Marjorie Fitch, of Norwich, is the youngest woman stoker in the country. She attends to all the complicated work in connection with two boilers at a factory and has earned the unstinted praise of her employers. One boiler consumes between five and six tons a week, and Marjorie has to break all the coal to the required sizes. She also clinkers and cleans the boilers by herself, and regulates and controls all dampers and valves. After leaving school she went to work in a shoe factory : later she became a fitter's mate, but transferred to stoking when available man-power for this work became short. Miss Fitch's brother is a stoker in the Navy : a sister is in the A.T.S.

"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE" : A blind worker and his tiny helper at Petworth, Sussex : Ken Sadler has been blind half his life, but he is called the happiest man in Petworth. Little Ann Parvin, aged two, keeps him posted in how things look ! Sadler's shop is a little shed in the pretty garden of his cottage home at the foot of Shimmings Hill. He sings all day as he makes baskets for the potato harvest. During the last seven years his skill as a basket maker has come to be known over a wide area : his baskets have gone to purchasers in Scotland, the Isle of Wight, London, Brighton, and many other places

A FARM CAMP WHICH IS RUN IN SHIP-STYLE, with an Admiral's bell to call the "crew" to meals : A ship's bell which once rang aboard Admiral Sir Noel Laurence's private yacht *Eaglet* is now calling agricultural workers to their meals at a new farm-workers' camp at Woodhatch, near Reigate, Surrey. This camp, just opened, is run on the lines of a ship. The "captain" is Admiral Laurence (above), and the "crew" are the men and girls who spend their holidays helping the farmers

SOLVING THE LABOUR SHORTAGE ON A POULTRY FARM : At a farm at Scarningdale, Dereham, Norfolk, two men and a manager, a quarter of the peacetime staff, rear 2,000 chicks and 1,200 hens. A single-track light railway connects a large rat-proof food store with a manure shed on the other side of the farm. There is a slight fall of ground so that the poultrymen can quite easily push a large load of food round the laying sheds on a low truck, while the manure can just as easily be carted away. Above, one of the poultrymen is seen with the food truck, while some of his charges steal a ride on the trolley —and some of the fallen grain

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

POETRY, FICTION, ANECDOTES and CHRONICLES

A Long Poem of the Present War; Michael Graham's Angling Book; Alun Lewis's Character Sketches of Army Life; The Story of a Fighter Pilot and the Log of a Merchant Airman; A Romantic Novel of Heroic Dimensions; Claude Houghton's Book About a Book

A MONTH or two ago I heard the lovely, measured voice of Miss Diana Wynyard reading these lines over the radio:

"I thought with love, with passion, of America.
Almost with yearning.
A land that seemed golden to me, abrupt, and gay.
A land of pioneers and of eager people
Having the faults of youth, with her virtues, as England has the faults of too many traditions with their virtues:
And I saw those two great countries joined in a wedding, with banners to float proudly
With swords aloft, to crush between them all that was sour and mean,
I saw these two countries with their faults and virtues
Joined in an unconquerable heritage, neither one good without the other,
Neither one strong."

The lines are taken from a long poem, **A DEMOCRAT'S CHAPBOOK** (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), and the poet conceals her identity, which I think I may have guessed, under the pen-name of "A Quiet Woman." It is a chronicle, as she explains, of some of the events of the present war, up to the entry of America in December 1941, and it is a chronicle made personal by the reflections of the poet, who quotes Walt Whitman's words: "I am personal. In my poems all revolves round, concentrates in, radiates from myself. I have but one general human personality, one central figures, the general human personality typified in myself."

Although her intention seems to have been to present the woman of the poem as a typical English woman, a microcosm of the English world in the last thirty years, the result has been something rather different. For me it is in the purely poetic moments of abstraction or of lyricism that the *Democrat's Chapbook* reaches its greatest heights.

All the difficulties of wartime production, the shortage of paper, the occasional necessity for crowding and over-crowding the print and the changed quality of the paper itself, make the discovery of such a book as **THE FISH GATE** (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) a real joy.

Mr. Michael Graham has produced a fascinating piece of work, which might be an important study for an expert, but is just as much a book of absorbing interest for the reader who doesn't know a herring from a haddock, or one who, like myself, had never heard of animal plankton. But, interesting as his treatment of the subject of deep-sea fishing is, the first and most vivid impression that this book makes is in the fineness of its actual production. The cover, the end-papers, the layout of the type, the excellent reproduction of photographs and drawings, and the completeness of the bibliography and index, make this book a pleasure to see and handle.

Mr. Alun Lewis's **THE LAST INSPECTION** (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.) is a book of short stories which he has written during his Army service, and it is a statement of the environments of war. The shorter stories have been written during odd hours, it is explained, and the longer ones on seven-day leaves. Some of them have been published before in literary periodicals, but most appear for the first time. The stories are rather a series of character sketches and incidents than fully constructed plots, but they are beautifully written, and Mr. Lewis is worth remembering as a writer of distinction and imagination.

"MILITARY OBJECTIVE"—as defined by German pilots of the "Luftwaffe"

Focke-Wulf raiders picked out this important objective when they rained bombs and machine-bullets on a tiny, peaceful Devon village during the course of a recent daylight raid. The Nazi pilots deliberately flew at roof-level and dropped a high-explosive bomb square in the middle of the church and another beside the vicarage, making two or three bomb-aiming runs to do it. A four-year-old girl evacuee was killed in the vicarage. In this picture, the latter building is seen behind the right wing of the church

COMBAT REPORT (Batsford. 8s. 6d.) is the story of a fighter pilot, by Mr. Hector Bolitho, though the main part of the biography consists of letters from the young man himself to the author. The letters are mainly impersonal and not in any sense introspective. In fact, the most moving, as they are the most interesting, among them are those letters which give straightforward accounts of actions, or of riotous evenings and grim grey dawns in fighter stations. Mr. Bolitho's commentary, which connects and supplements "John's" story, is in the spirit of the letters: simple, direct, affectionate, and, except for the high-spots of action, rather dull.

THE LOG OF A MERCHANT AIRMAN (Stanley Paul. 15s.) is a very different affair. Captain John Lock was one of the ace pilots of Imperial Airways, and was killed not long ago when the flying-boat *Golden Hind* crashed in the River Tagus at Lisbon. His flying experiences, as told to Mr. John Creasey, are set down here in the form of a dictated and very informal autobiography.

Captain Lock had flown over and around the world, but his story, as presented here, is intentionally less of a personal record than a history of the development of British air lines, and it is obvious that this was of far greater importance to Lock than a recital of his own part in it.

The book gains little from the endless anecdotes with which it is overcharged; it is as a record of civil aviation that it has some importance.

Another vast novel from America on the three-generation plan is Miss Frances Parkinson Keyes's **IF EVER I CEASE TO LOVE** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.). This is the story of a New Orleans family from 1890-1941, and half-way through it—feeling a little numb and dazed by the sheer volubility of the style—I felt that my vitality as a reader was not going to match the author's. However, I persisted and was rewarded by a fine, flamboyant climax.

The men of the Breckenridge family are "charming, philandering spendthrifts," and their way through life appears to be marked with milestones of debts, scandals and affairs of honour. But they have Their Charm, which eventually makes everything right for them. All very satisfactory, and there are 551 closely printed pages of it.

Mr. Claude Houghton's new novel, **SIX LIVES AND A BOOK** (Collins. 8s. 6d.), can be described no more concisely than by saying that it is a book about a book. The secondary, or "plot-book," is a very remarkable one, in that it influences the lives of six different and unrelated people. Mr. Houghton's story, therefore, stands or falls on his ability to convince the reader of the extraordinary power of the plot-book, and it is in this, to my mind, that he fails.

Perhaps it is a pity that he has given sixty pages to a full synopsis of this work; our imaginations might not have produced anything as well defined, but, in a sense, that might have been more satisfactory.

There is something familiar, not to say mechanical, about the device of having a rigidly limited set or cast of characters, and subject them one by one to the same experience, while their reactions are studiously noted. The fortunate fact that Mr. Houghton can write exceedingly well makes this something more than a readable book, but it is by no means one of his most distinguished.

Mr. A. P. Herbert is in fine patriotic, if not in fine poetic, form, with **BRING BACK THE BELLS** (Methuen. 4s.), a collection of verses so light in most cases that they hardly keep one foot on the ground. His ingenuity is as easy and as various as ever, though sometimes a faint, disturbing echo of tub-thumping seems to catch the reader's ear. Mr. Herbert is known, amongst other things, for his enthusiasms, which, as one of our legislators, he now has the opportunity to express in many practical ways, but sometimes his enthusiastic loves and hates sound a little oddly in the metre of verse.

DESIGNS ON PEOPLE IN THE WATERLOO ROAD: Professor George Burchett at work on a customer: More than sixty years ago a little lad named George Burchett was a real nuisance to the neighbours. He was always tattooing his small friends. They went home to their mothers proudly exhibiting crosses and anchors that George had tattooed on their arms. Their mothers were not amused. They went round to the Burchett home to complain. George was told off and punished frequently. But he persevered, and to-day, at the age of seventy, he is the acknowledged head of his profession. In a small, two-roomed shop in Waterloo Road, he is kept busy all day and every day tattooing every conceivable design on every conceivable type of customer. Amongst these are now members of the U.S. Forces: here one of the latter is having a design tattooed on his arm

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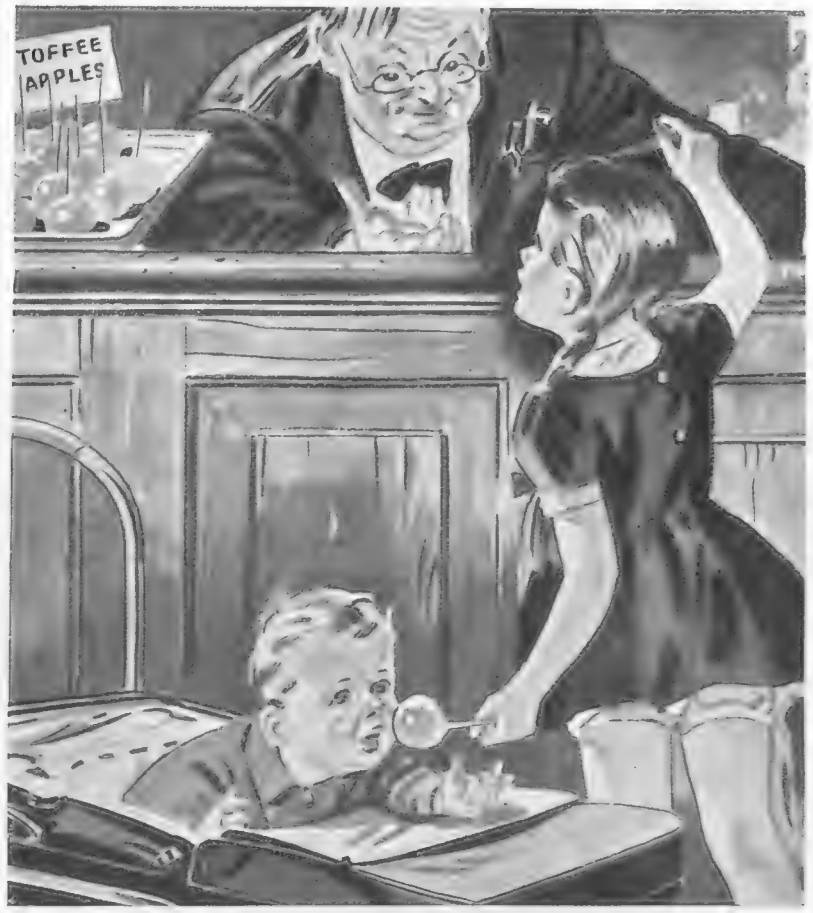

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When toffee apples are two-a-penny and little Tommy's only danger is a sisterly smack for being greedy, the whole world will be at peace to enjoy the fruits of the earth. Until then, if we follow the advice of those who are in charge of supplies the foods and fruits in Britain will last longer and go further. If by eating more potatoes we can save more bread then let's all feel delighted to do so. And if we don't get any fatter we *are* becoming a healthier nation.

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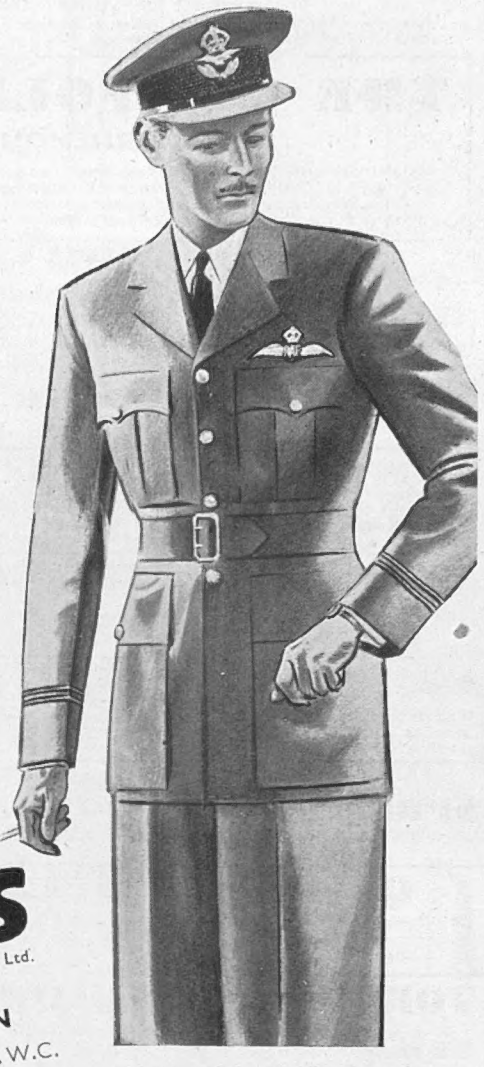

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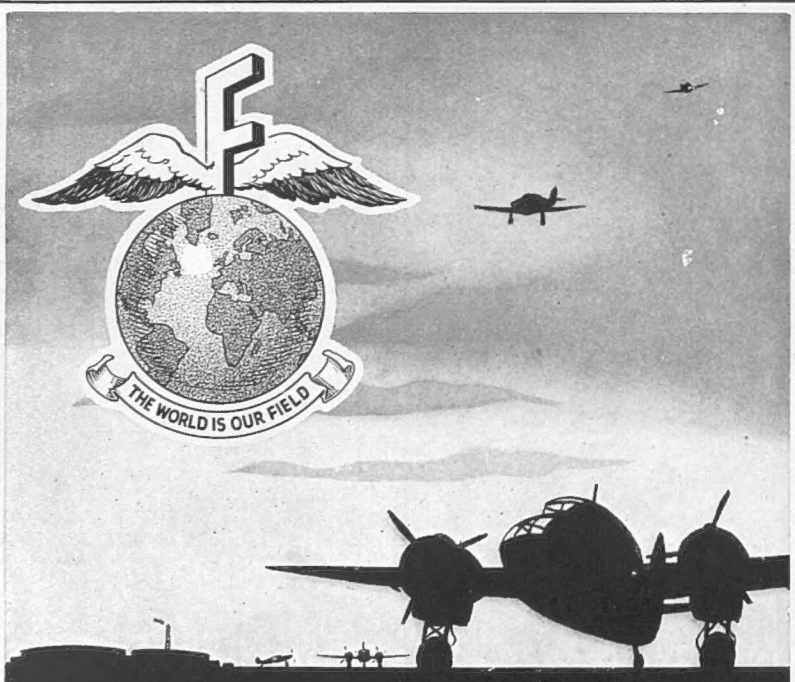

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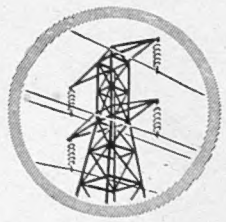

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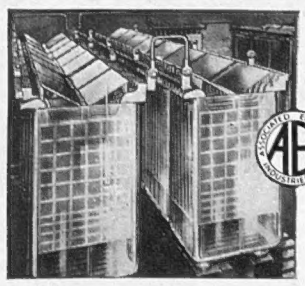

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